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THE EXCELLENCY OF MAN.

LONDON :
BREWSTER AND WEST, PRINTERS,
HAND COURT, DOWGATE.

THE EXCELLENCY OF MAN;

DEDUCED FROM

REASON AND REVELATION.

BY

EDWARD WEST,

AUTHOR OF "OBSERVATIONS BY E. W.," &c.

"Let Man be allowed to know his own value. Let him not be in love with his vileness and his weakness; but let him love himself, because he has a nature capable of good. Let him hate himself, because this capacity within him is empty and void; but let him not hence entertain a dislike of so noble, so natural a capacity. Let him hate his being; but let him love it too, because he is formed for the possession of truth, and consequently of happiness."

Pascal.

LONDON:

JAMES MADDEN, 8, LEADENHALL STREET.

MDCCCXLVII.

“ For US the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means OUR good
As OUR delight, or as OUR treasure :
The whole is either OUR cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars light US to bed ;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws ;
Music and light attend OUR head.
All things into OUR flesh are kind
In their descent and being ; to OUR mind
In their ascent and cause.

More servants wait on MAJ
Than he'll take notice of : in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love ! MAJ is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built ; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last !
Till then afford us so much wit ;
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be.”

Herbert.



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TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,

&c. &c. &c.

WHOSE ACTIVE SYMPATHIES ARE ENLISTED IN EVERY SINCERE DESIGN TO
IMPROVE THE TEMPORAL OR THE SPIRITUAL CONDITION OF

THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND,

THIS VOLUME IS,

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S ESPECIAL PERMISSION,

Dedicated,

WITH FEELINGS OF GRATITUDE TO

AN OVER-RULING PROVIDENCE,

WHICH HAS BLESSED THE BRITISH NATION WITH SO WORTHY A DESCENDANT OF

“THE GOOD OLD KING.”

THE EXCELLENCY OF MAN.

I BELIEVE that there is no subject upon which Man's conceptions fall so far short of their proper elevation, as in his opinion of *himself*. We find Man ready to entertain exalted ideas of the mountain, in its lofty grandeur, and the storm, in its terrific majesty ; but he cannot, or he does not, form adequate notions of his own importance and dignity. He stands in mute wonder and speechless awe before the thundering cataract ; but he omits to enter into his chamber, and be still, before the superior greatness of *himself*. By the expression "Excellency of Man," I would be understood to refer to the mighty powers vested in him by the All-Mighty, a stewardship for which he incurs a heavy responsibility.

I shall endeavour, then, to show,

1st. How excellent Man is, in all respects.

2nd. How insufficient are Men's conceptions of that excellency.

3rd. How these reflections may turn to a most improving and valuable purpose in our conduct and rule of life.

To estimate how excellent Man is in all respects, (which is my first proposition,) we must consider him

- 1st. In his creation.
- 2nd. In his power of doing well.
- 3rd. In his power of doing evil.
- 4th. In the design of his existence.

To judge correctly how insufficient are men's conceptions of that excellency, (which is my second proposition,) we must consider,

- 1st. The causes for pride which they see in themselves.
- 2nd. Their want of endeavour to serve their fellow-men.
- 3rd. Their desires for happiness.
- 4th. Their constant wish for forgetfulness of the past.

These reflections may turn to excellent purpose.

- 1st. By teaching us to seek fit objects for satisfaction.
- 2nd. By inducing an universal philanthropy.
- 3rd. By inculcating a desire for happiness worthy of men, viz., a desire to be good and do good.
- 4th. By urging such conduct as will make remembrance a pleasure.

To arrive, then, at the knowledge of the excellency of Man, I have first to show that "Man is excellent in his creation." Let us consider some of the circumstances of Man's creation. When the Almighty Maker had called him into being, God rested from His work, and He *blessed* the day on which He thus paused, because that on it He rested from His work which He had created and made. Now, it cannot reasonably be supposed that the Great Artificer *blessed* the day merely because He *finished work*, when

He need not have done aught, had it not been for His *pleasure*: and, moreover, when, to *work* (so to speak) for the good of all and the happiness of all, He had but to diffuse over the universe the influence of His boundless, becalming, and love-bestowing spirit. He must, then, have blessed that day, because that He had, in the period then ended, made any thing so excellent as Man—Man for whom, confessedly, all other things were made by the Eternal's endless love.

The Creator allowed, or rather directed, the inspired historian to use the words, in reference to the creation of man, “*In the beginning*”—although for unnumbered and innumerable ages, millions of intelligent creatures had doubtless done His commands, in cheerful and unceasing obedience. The Creator permits, or instructs, His own historian to pass over all these holy beings unnoticed, and to treat their golden harps as if they had been unstrung until Man gave the chord unto them whereon they might fitly attune. Calling that period *the beginning*, when Man rose up from the dust of the earth, and elevated his aspiring head towards heaven to inhale the breath of life. The great Artificer, I say, allows that time to be denominated *the beginning*, as if Man was indeed almost one in spirit, (as he was one in image,) with the eternal Alpha. Again, the mighty Architect thought it *requisite* to pronounce the earth, with its countless myriads of beings, formed with wonderful order and inconceivable exactitude and beauty, to be *good*:—He deemed it *necessary* to pronounce the swelling sea, which bore its own majesty of sound to the very skies above it, and spake its power in the foam of anger and the uptower-

ing of mountain waves, to be good :—He considered it needful to pronounce the herb and the tree, bearing their support and solace to a world which depended on them for its very preservation, to be good :—He judged it requisite to pronounce the stars, the moon, and the sun, to be good—although the stars seemed so bright and so calm, as to be fit emblems of the angels, who, with all their holy serenity, yet *desire* to look into the dark mysteries which surround them—although the moon, which reigned the queen of night, appeared to write her own history of quiet greatness in dazzling characters in the boundless waters at her feet—although the sun, burst out with an overflow of light too excellent to keep within its own bounds, and showed that the way to be chosen of mankind is that of beauty and life, and the way to be avoided is that of darkness and death. All these things, I say,—the earth, the sea, the plants, the sun, the moon, and the stars—the great Architect deemed it requisite to pronounce good ; but Man, who lay upon the ground, formed of its very dust, who needed the herbs and the fruits to sustain him in his newly-given life—whom the deep can swallow up—to whom the stars and the moon are bright mysteries—to whom the sun is a light not to be approached unto—this weak and frail creature, God thinks it unnecessary to denominate *good*, as he bears the stamp of infinite, of great and good, of God's own image placed upon him, in darkened, but in far-outstanding characters.

It is an astonishing point in the dignity of Man, to remark the extension—the two-fold character (if I may so speak) in the creation of Man. We admire (for who can help admiring?) the *instant* grandeur with which

light burst forth, with a rejoicing velocity, as if it had groaned for ages beneath the mountain of thick darkness; the *instant* grandeur with which it sprang, at God's command, from its covert—happy in the knowledge that it should never again be dimmed—that even in the end of the world, (which world the light was born to make useful and to adorn,) the destruction thereof should be but in a grander extension and power of light,—increasing, glorious, light,—whilst it buried in oblivion all else beside. We admire this noble “created thing,” which, *in a moment*, rushed forth in its strength.

Yet how superior is Man! Man, who seemed to have (I speak it with all reverence) two separate acts necessary to make him perfect in his creation. Whilst light bursts forth in an instant, Man is formed of the dust of the earth, and a portion of the work is done—the mechanism—the surpassingly excellent mechanism—is complete; but *all* is not finished; for subsequently the breath of life is breathed into his nostrils, and he becomes a living soul! *Two acts* of that God, who is power personified, are exercised to make Man. God said “Let there be Man;” and there was Man! but not Man as he was designed to be—one with the spirit of the Eternal God! He is a perfect formation—bodily formation—wanting the perfect mind. But God speaks and breathes a second time; and Man is a living soul:—such a Man as God delights in: full of wisdom and knowledge; full of purity and virtue; full of the very “fullness of God.”

Let us observe the first order given in reference to Man; and given, if I may so say, *to* Man. The magnificent con-

sultation (so to speak) of the Perfect Father and Perfect Son (and which consultation stands an ever-living witness of the unity of the Godhead) produces the sublime decree "Let us make Man." Where are we to look for the next order, the first command to this being, whom it had thus been agreed to form?

One would have fancied the first order to Man would have been, "Let him *obey*; let this being obey, whom Our word can create from the very dust. Let him obey Us, at whose command earth, air, sea, and sky move with life, as the spirit of God alone moved before;" or else, "Let man learn humbleness, who walks erect, a later birth than the creeping thing which trails along the ground—let *him* learn humbleness whose feeble hands in vain essay to reach the winged fowl that flies above in the open firmament of heaven—let *him* learn humbleness whose utmost activity could not gain the fish, sporting in the waters which have recently produced it." But, no. The command is, "Let man have dominion." Wonderful order, when applied to Man as he stood in the presence of Him who walked in the garden of the universe, in the coolness of his own refreshing mercy. Wonderful order when applied to Man, who beheld objects around him on all sides which he could as little comprehend as form. Wonderful order, to issue from Him to whom all dominion belongs.

There is yet another point for admiration in the creation of Man.

All Nature appears to teem with life; so that God, *in His works of creation*, is about our path and about our bed, and His works spy out all our ways, so that we can-

not say a word but some living things hear the sound. Behind us, before us, and upon us, rest—ever rest—the animalculæ, contemptible in our opinion, imperceptible to our eyes; yet, *in them* the might of God's power rests upon us: if we take the wings of the morning, there are countless myriads of living things in the sunbeam—if we dive into the uttermost parts of the sea His hand, *through his works*, covers us. In the Creation, the waters brought forth *abundantly* the creatures that have life; and the winged fowls flew in tens of thousands in the inspiring air; the cattle and the creeping things *swarmed* upon the face of the earth. But God created *Man—a Man*; as if that individual Man stood up a sufficient object for God's love to rest upon; as if God could *concentrate* His love on *one* such being; as if, from the tenderness of the Almighty, it were enough for Man, loaded with blessings and benefits, and regarded almost with admiration, to be ALONE.

I proceed to show,

2. That Man is excellent, in his power of doing well.

Before Man was created, the mist ascended from the ground, *like the cloud of glory round the Mercy Seat*, bearing a blessing in its dimness. It came to water the whole earth: but it paused, and faded away like the early dawn, when Man arose; for to Man's active care—to Man's *power of doing well*—of nurturing and keeping the garden that God had made so lovely for him, was committed the fruitfulness and the fairness of the fairest of the Creator's works. Man arose—almost a god! for without his “dressing and keeping,” in vain the sun had risen early, and had late taken rest; in vain the diffusive air had turned every way, as if

with an angel's guidance, to fructify the soil. Without Man's care, the warm air would have been but the burning sword which would have turned every way, to keep, away from Man, the tree of life, and not to assist the sustaining plant and the nourishing shrub. When Man was driven forth from Eden, to look down, with shame and sorrow, upon the earth, which was made wretched for his sake; and to remove, with bleeding hand, the thorns and the thistles which sprang up, as if to meet him; he had within him a sort of vague consciousness that he was *to return to the earth*; that the Lord was to "make a new thing," and that she should "open her mouth and swallow him up," and that *that earth, to which he was to return, was cursed*. A wonderful and an excellent thing, however, remained to him: Adam told his sons the sad story, which he might have concealed, of his guilt and perfidy—he told them the sublime truth, that God was all-merciful, even when the storm was raging against them, and that God was all-powerful, although they beheld the blighted Creation drooping and dying around them; and by this act, *of revealing the truth when he might have concealed it*, he inspired in Abel an ardent love to his Maker, and was thus the means of causing the voice of a Son to be heard in the vast courts of Heaven, and *the smoke* from the burning devotion of a child, *to hide the judgment seat of God*. By this act, millions of human beings, sitting in darkness and gloominess, have discerned that it was the figure of *Man* which darkened them, and that the light of Heaven was not otherwise hidden or kept back from them. Yes, even in the very churchyard, where our dear ones sleep, under the weeping-willow, or the mournful

yew, the voice of Adam speaks to *us*, and tells us that but for him *the only trees* would have been trees of life, and not amongst them the bitter—bitter tree of a most bitter knowledge.

Let us turn next to that man, for whom, it appears, that in the largely peopled earth, there could have been found only *one* help-meet. Let us turn to him who laboured for long years in the sight of all his friends, at a work in which he asked no friend's assistance, since no loved friend could participate in its benefit. Let us consider the power which Noah had of doing well, when sin was overflowing the earth "like a flood"—(awful comparison!) He *alone*, in the sight of God, bore the olive-branch above the waters of iniquity. He alone raised his hand to God, and God beheld that there was a man, such as He wished and formed Man to be; and the Almighty came to save him, and in him, the human race. Had it not been for him the waters had covered the earth, and all things had been as still as before the Creation; but the stillness would not have been caused by God: God would have made a beginning, and Man would have made an ending. Man would have been the mighty artificer of an eternal blank—a blank of waters—unlike the blank of Chaos, without a single object to come from it hereafter.

The angels, those bright guardian-spirits, would not then have had to look down from their celestial heights, and watch, with delighted interest, the little bark wafting its way over the waters; they would not have beheld the Ark, full in their *foreseeing eyes*, of generations pleasing to the

Omnipotent—generations with high hopes and noble feelings; but they would have gazed upon a dark abyss of waters—they would have failed to discern any high and noble purpose in creation, and gazing upon the dark water they would have perceived no mystery which they could have desired to look into.

Let us now turn our thoughts to a writer of modern times: the author of the “Night Thoughts.” How excellent is he in his power of doing well! He has the power of making our *leisure thoughts* (so to speak) holy and beautiful. When the clouds of a kind of mental obscurity come over us—when at a period of bodily ease, or upon our couch at night, we cease to have our minds fixed upon any particular thought, of business, pleasure, or pain—when those mental clouds come over us, he has the power to call out the stars amongst the misty clouds—he, with his pious and most delightful strains, has the power to make the star arise, and lead us to “where the young child is.” These thoughts may be denominated *mere* thoughts, for they come without an especial cause, and without our bidding. If we reject them and strive to get rid of them, *we wrestle with an angel*, though it is but *by the wayside*. In the design, which Almighty God has sketched out for Man, of a life of *strenuous virtue* and of *ardent zeal*, He has left certain blanks, which He has found to be necessary for the mind of the being whom He has formed—He has left in this beautiful picture of activity some blanks, of leisure and of calmness; and it is an excellent honour for Man, and shows how glorious

a power he possesses, that God has permitted *the pencil of Man* to fill in these blanks, and to occupy the previously vacant spaces of His own divine master-piece.

I turn now to another man—for whom, as I write, my cheek reddens with shame. Alas! the rising *blood* marks us made of the one same mighty family. I turn to him who was the idol of a sensual monarch—to the Rochester of a Charles! I appeal to this Man as an evidence how excellent Man is in his power of doing well. Here we see one whose hand wrote profane wit upon the walls of the Temple of Fame, but whose mouth declared the terrific sentence that he himself was weighed and found wanting. We see one whose lascivious effusions mark his guilty life, record also that his own days, passed in guilt, were by that very guilt made wretched, and numbered. This man, with abilities misapplied, with powers misused, with influence disgraced, yet remains an instance, of doing well, for others to follow. By one act of doing well, by his public repentance at the last, he remains a benefit to mankind. He, who, like the fabled giants of old, had been casting mountains of sin against Heaven and the Deity, is now known *not by the mountains, but by the still voice of sorrow which issues from beneath them. The giant's power* is allowed to be evidenced to the world, that the giant may be discovered, *crushed and humbled beneath the mountains which he raised.*

Let us direct our attention to another consideration: it is one which meets us everywhere, it grows as abundantly as the thorns and thistles; it rests upon the mind, with the weight of the heavy earth which entombs the

loving and the loved. Let us think of the fixed decree of "Sorrow to Man." If we climb up into Heaven, it is there, in its unalterableness: if we go down to the grave, it is there, in myriads of beings who were by others fondly cared for: if we take the wings of the morning and go to the uttermost parts of the sea, it is there, in those who sigh over the happy homes from which they are banished, and the gentle hearts from which they are separated. Let us contemplate a fond and tender pair, who have lived together as if each was the other's memory, whence they drew the whole of the joyous recollections of the past; as if each required the brighter eyes of the other to discern any of the sweet prospects of happiness for the future! Suddenly, the cold hand of death is placed upon them—on *them*; for it is on one of them, and they are *one*. Where can the bereaved husband look? He beholds, in all around him, even in the fairest beauties of creation, the ruins of a former world; the most splendid charms of Nature only serve to remind him that they are but the remnants of much greater things which have passed away for ever: he looks for that similarity, that reciprocity, that oneness, in which he formerly delighted; but he finds it not. He looks for the loving eye, and he finds that eye is closed, and yet *his own eye* never slumbers nor sleeps, through the long sunny summer's day, nor the long dark tedious winter's night. He seeks the tender word, and he finds an awful stillness, and yet *he* ceases not to pour forth his heart-broken and bitter complaints.

Who can think upon such a case as this without mingled pain and fear—pain for those who might be called upon to

bear so great a misery, and fear lest such a fate might ever be his own !

The Almighty Creator saw that Man, even in Paradise, was an unhappy creature without woman, and so in truth he was ; but how infinitely more sorrowful is his lot when he is doomed to lose her, who *has been his helpmate* for a series of joyous years, and when, in her society, he has found each day still brighter and dearer than the one preceding. But to return to the man of whom I was speaking. That man stands forth—a wreck ! a ruin ! a curse ! for his life, which was formerly so pleasant, is a burthen of an intolerable weight. He is wretched—utterly wretched. The arrows of the Almighty have been directed against him, they have taken effect—severe effect—upon him, (when did they ever fail to wound the being against whom they were pointed?) The arrows have pierced him through, and he *lives* to regret that they have not fixed him *to the ground*.

Where can the wretched man look for any comfort? Where indeed can he seek it? Can he look for consolation in riches, even if he can heap together the wealth of Cræsus? They are dust. Can he look for it in honors, even if he gain the most exalted of titles? They are chaff. Can he look for it in the amusements of the world? They are the ashes of past joys. It is alone, (independent of the balm which flows *direct* from Heaven,) in the gentle kindness of his fellow-Man—in the softness of Man's words—in Man's *power of doing good*, that the afflicted can find solace for his woe ! How excellent is that power which can alleviate the grief the Almighty has power to inflict !

I have next to show,

3. That Man is excellent in his power of doing evil.

Let us transport ourselves, in imagination, to a joyous and flourishing scene—let us place ourselves, in thought, in the broad carriage-way, if we do not fear the spirited and prancing coursers which appear like the very steeds of Apollo sporting in the smile of their great master, the sun :—let us gaze upon the magnificent mansions of solid stone, which have stood for centuries, on either side—impregnable barriers erected by Man—as if the ever-changing efforts of Man, generally fickle and fluctuating, had become, in this instance, barriers of strength on the right-hand and the left, like the waters of the ancient sea when Israel passed on, triumphant over their discomfited Egyptian foes.

Let us direct our attention to that magnificent column, and hear how vast a multitude of people were employed to erect it, and for how many years they laboured in the work : it bears an inscription, in honour of the immortal architect, intended to last as a memorial of human skill to the end of the world :—the demon of envy *might consume himself* there-upon in the fire which he might kindle ; but the flame would not hurt *it*, but would rise from it as from an altar to its honour, and ascend to Heaven as a quenchless flame of glory. When the inhabitants of that town, in which, in fancy, we have placed ourselves, desire to speak of aught as fixed and permanent, they talk of it as firm as that towering pillar ; and fathers instruct their sons to *inform* their children, that their latest posterity may know, by means of this oral tradition, that the town which they inhabit was the birth-place of the man who erected a pillar

to last for all time! Let us now turn to that splendid mansion. The dwellers there take their *daily* bread (for which alone, as Christians, they can ask,) from salvers which took months upon months to decorate and ornament. The curtains to the windows cannot veil, from the crowd without, the grandeur of that palace; for the curtains themselves are flowing glories. The mirth of those within is heard, both long and loud; their riches have made themselves wings, but they fly abroad only to bear the tidings of their possessors' happiness. The god of wealth has taken up his abode there, and you may easily discern his godlike properties. He is near you, and you feel it, close to you, and yet you hear him not pass over the velvet carpeting; his image is reflected from mirror to mirror around the dazzling hall, and yet you discern not his substance. His altars ever smoke—without a sacrifice!

Let us now turn our attention to a wilderness, a scene of wild desolation. We may presume that that upon which we fix our mind's eye was once a carriage-way; for there chariots, horses, and men, lie dead beneath the ruins which have fallen upon them and crushed them. Death hath made for himself stepping-stones of those fallen roofs and tenements, by which he can pass, with his wide-spreading and noiseless steps, through that which was once the gayest of the city's thoroughfares. We must take care how we walk; we must not look on either side of us with the expectation that we shall see houses still standing, for in so doing we shall stumble over the ruins of those which once stood there. The stones which originally came from the same pit, and stood so long, when they formed parts of houses,

facing yet parted from each other, have again met together, and rejoice in their re-union in a pit from which they will not again be moved,—revelling in the pit of corruption.

Is that a piece of a column at our feet? I can decypher a portion of the inscription of it, “To the immortal honour of”—but the name is gone. Can it be expected that any one will degrade himself by stooping in the dust to endeavour to find the piece of the pillar which is broken off? When people wish to speak of the instability of anything, they say that it will pass away as quickly as the great column which once towered towards the skies; and in a not far-distant time they will celebrate the praises of some then living architect, and declare how wonderful it was that he should have derived some new idea in his art, through a piece of a broken pillar which he picked up—“a pillar executed either by a native of that town or some other neighbouring city.” Can those be human beings who appear half-crushed beneath the weight of the fallen materials which rest upon them? Look at that miserable man. He holds up a golden goblet, and he speaks. Is he praising the exquisite workmanship of the vase? No—he asks, for the love of Heaven, for “a drop—only a drop—of cold water to be put into the cup” which he presents. What person does that splendid pall half cover? It is the body of one who once dwelt in that splendid mansion now in ruins; and that which seems a pall is but a curtain—the same curtain we noticed in a far different scene; and that which could not then conceal Man’s grandeur, cannot now conceal his vanity and nothingness!

The voice of mirth, which was once so loudly heard in

that city, has like an infant child *sobbed itself to rest*; that voice which beforetime would and must be heard. The god of wealth, deprived of his hands wherewith he can bestow his riches, lies a fallen Dagon at the threshold of that mightier god—Death.

The earthquake hath done its work: and the sad scene which we have last beheld is the very same as that glorious one which we formerly contemplated; only this desolation—the earthquake—hath been present—and where is the agent? Where is the origin of so lamentable an overthrow? Where is the cause of all this vast destruction to be found? Is he some powerful demon, sweeping with the garment of storm, with which he is enveloped, thousands and tens of thousands to destruction? Does he sit, a colossal monster, with huge eyeballs, like globes of ruined and scattered worlds, fixed in a dull monotony—his mouth opening only to swallow up multitudes of men, and cause them “to go down alive into the pit?” Does he remain enthroned, with his long rustling locks hanging around him—immense worms that never die, but writhe about with the pain their master and owner makes them for ever and ever feel? Where is the terrible fiend—the stupendous cause of all this stupendous evil? Can we not discern him? There he stands, with his slim and graceful figure, amidst the trees of the garden. There he stands, with pallid countenance, and fearful glance cast upon the ground—he is leaning for support, against one of the weakest of the shrubs, and he seeks to draw the leaves around him that he may hide his shivering form; but the leaves—the very leaves—resist him. Behold the mighty mon-

arch—the inflicter of the evil—whose trembling hand could not hold a straw!

When a man feels the weight of trouble pressing upon him, as if Sorrow had paused to rest her burthen there, and as if the present season of misery, Jacob-like and younger-brother-like, had taken the whole of the blessings, which the past, *its elder brother*, had been anticipating—who, I say, at such a time has not felt the blessing of going out into the bright sunlight and warming himself in the genial heat? Does not each individual, so circumstanced, appreciate the signal mercy—bestowing its gifts of light and heat? Does he not experience that before them the iron chains of snow melt away, heated at the furnace of the Almighty Artificer of such gladness? And does he not perceive that there is an especial “blessing left for him,” in his thus having the power “to break the yoke from off his neck?” This light, with this attendant heat, like the lightning, is an order and appointment of the Almighty; but it brightens only when its influence is felt to come, *from one part of Heaven to another part*—from the Almighty dwelling above, shining on His own habitation—the lowly and contrite heart. Again, who does not admire the innumerable beauties of Creation? Who does not behold with delight the bright green grass and the gorgeous variegated flower?

They appear to revel in the happiness of their state—they are kings and princes, with whose sumptuousness Solomon could not compete, and yet who spread their table, with more than kingly liberality, in every field and under every hedge.

They come out, as it were, to meet the lame, the maimed, and the halt; with kindness even greater than if they had sent forth to summon them to come to the feast. Surely, they are gladsome and glorious sights to look upon.

Let us think, for a moment—(for we cannot think of it for more, for the thoughts of living Man will ever go back to life,)—of what the prospect would be if the light and the heat of the glorious sun were denied to us. We should look upon an uncovered grave; and the veil thrown over nature, to hide desolation and corruption, would be raised, to show us the blighted corpses which lay on all sides!

We see, then, that light and heat are the choicest and most excellent things in nature—nourishing, enlivening, and enlightening all.

To what effect does Man turn these blessings of light and heat? Look there! See that aged man, who has passed some eighty years in blameless purity, who has been an example to the flock which witnessed his Christian labours. We see him, with his hoary locks making their way over the shoulders that bend from his far-advanced period of existence: he has nursed the sick, as anxiously as if he had been seeking health from them, and not risking the contagion of disease; he has given his money to the poor, as if Providence had blessed him with the patrons whom he never sought; he has given his support to the truth, as if (as indeed it was) truth had called him into life and being, and he sought to save his parent from destruction. We see him now plainly, very plainly—brightly, very brightly—there! he scorches, he writhes, amidst the flames,

lashed to the cruel stake. There is light and there is heat for you !

Man here finds his uses for the light and heat ; the same light and heat which make the wretched become joyous, the sickly vigorous ; and which cause the little birds to sing, and the violets to open their leaves.

Surely, Man is excellent in his power of doing evil.

I have next to show,

4. That Man is excellent in the design of his existence.

It seems an awful thing for such a finite creature as I am to attempt to speak of the designs of God ; to endeavour to penetrate, as it were, into the plans of Him before whom the Archangels veil their faces in wondering ignorance. It seems as if, in trying to find out the intentions of God, I am like a child at the mouth of an immense and deeply-descending cavern, into which he throws the little pebble or the tiny piece of wood, to find out how far it is to the bottom ; and he, indeed, hears his atom beating about from side to side, and he is certain *it has not found the bottom because his faculties still enable him to hear it.* If, however, my thoughts be in any degree the thoughts of God, they will come out, with a life and power not my own : even as the people laid their diseased and sick in the way of the Apostles, so that their shadow passing by might overshadow some of them, I spread my poor, weak, miserable, wretched, thoughts before God, and *if His shadow only* be on some of them, they will rise to a life and vigour far, very far, from their own.

If it be presumptuous to speak of God's designs in making Man—yet, who can refrain?—if, when we consider the

works of creation, we desire to see the whole of the universe, the vast temple of God, fully and accurately investigated, how must we long, when we contemplate the mind of Man, that immaterial and unbounded mind—that temple, pre-eminently, *not made with hands*—how must we long, I say, to penetrate within. If it was natural in the Royal Psalmist when he considered the heavens, the moon, and the stars, to ask “what is Man”;—must it not be almost impossible to refrain from such an inquiry when we look at *the mind of Man?* at that mind which shall outlast the heavens, when they shall have passed away as a scroll on which the finger of Him who wrote humility on the ground as he taught, shall have written vanity and short-livedness on the mighty roof above; when the heavens shall have passed away as a scroll on which the moon and stars shall appear but as jots and tittles in the record, although they be, indeed, in brightly illuminated characters.

It is surely most important and most natural to ask, what is Man?—for what did God design him? for the question is deeply interesting.

To attempt to say that God formed Man for the Almighty's own pleasure is quite unworthy of the Divine Being. If we can suppose that God formed man to increase His own pleasure, then we must conceive that through the countless ages of eternity there was one point which was capable of making Him happier, and which point, up to the time of Man's creation, was unpossessed. We must conceive of Him as less than God, because He lacked one thing, like the young man of whom we read, and of whom we read also that he was sorrowful.

One pleasure unfulfilled to a Being of *infinite knowledge*, (and who of course, therefore, would know of that pleasure, and that He was capable of enjoying it,)—one such pleasure, I say, unfulfilled, would be pain !

Again, to say that God formed Man to show forth His praise is also unworthy of Him. For, to whom is man to show forth that praise? Is it, can we suppose, to the High and Holy God, who *receives in His own existence*, the highest praise of His own conscious and immortal nature? Because He can swear by no greater—He swears by Himself. His highest dignity rests in I AM, without the word of praise to say what He is. Is it, then, to the angels that Man is to show forth that praise? Ah! would not the Almighty have rightly to charge them with folly if they paused from their own appreciation of the greatness of Himself, to hear what such creatures as Man, recently born into a lower world, thought of His merits—Man, who knew nothing of those merits compared with the ages those holy spirits had known and felt them.

Is it to men, then, that Man is to show forth that praise? Can we think that the great God is pleased to be weighed in the balance against the weight of a little dust and ashes, and not to be found wanting?

Such suppositions are derogatory to the Omnipotent.

I conceive, then, that the Infinite God had every power to will and to execute, with the universe before Him; which He might have wiped off as the dust upon His sceptre, and the sceptre have remained as bright as it was originally; that He had an infinity of happiness, arising from every enjoyment of which the mind is capable; and I con-

ceive that He found the highest of His pleasures in the act of doing good—in the perfect purity of His own eternal mind—in the complete virtue, if I may so speak, of His character (for none is holy but that One); in His sparing where He might have crushed; in His every action being that which is intrinsically good and beautiful. I suppose, then, that the Almighty created Man, and willed his perfect happiness. He felt, I speak it with reverential love, that to be, as the angels were, in His presence, from whom the bright effulgence of all wisdom and mercy issues, and to cast their eyes up, as the angels did, to Him who formed and sustained all things by His might, was not equal happiness to that of being removed from Him, and yet, in that state of removal, acting from the consciousness of what is right, from the desire to perform every duty as strictly and as fully as if the all-seeing eye of the Great Creator were perceived to be ever fixed on the creature who might thus be awed by its majesty into avoiding what is wrong. The Almighty knew this to be a more perfect happiness, and He willed this happiness to mankind. He felt, that to preserve the mind free from sin, when temptation was pressing and urgent, was a greater happiness than to remain for ever untempted—the mere passive recipient of the directing light, even of Deity Himself. He felt that it was *more blessed to give* the check to self,—to libertine urgency and subtlest temptation,—*than to receive* the gift of an unchangeable and incorruptible infallibility; and therefore the Creator, willing, not the duty of Man to Himself, but *the happiness* of Man, formed him with the *power to fall*, low as the dust; with the weakness of erring

Man, and with a thousand temptations besetting him at every corner and in every nook to which his tired mind and body could turn for rest !

I conceive, also, that as some of the angels, who were formed to pass an eternity in owning the majesty of Heaven and bowing before it, had fallen from their high estate of *mere adoration*, God willed that a being should arise by whose bright example others of the heavenly intelligences should be kept from falling. He willed that the angels, in eternal *rest*, should look down, and behold Man, toiling almost all the day, in dressing and keeping the earth, and yet resting not, day nor night, without commending his soul to that great Being to whom the celestial inhabitants offered up merely an unlaborious service. And when the angels began to sigh (for it seems that even angels have repined) because there was a voice which had the power of ruling and commanding them, then they might turn their ear from the sounds above to the sighs which issued from the earth beneath ; and might find that the only sighs that there arose were heaved from Man's anxiety for the cool of the day, when the much-loved voice of God should walk among the trees of the garden. If the angels had felt disposed at any time to grow weary of the life given them by the sustaining power of the Holiest, they might have looked down, and beheld a being perfectly happy, having found a help meet for him in one created later than himself, a frail and gentle creature, feebler than himself in bodily power, more dependent than himself on supporting care.

If the angels were ever inclined to say that there was no

help in the Creator; that His arm was weak, so that it could not aid, that His strength was insufficient to support them; then they might look down and behold Man depending for all his comforts upon her whose beautiful frame is so slight and tender, and who requires to pause for rest when she reaches the mossy bank, towards which her companion guides her footsteps.

The angels, then, through long eternity, might tune their golden harps to the praises of God, in the key which was given them by Man, and might cast their golden crowns to the ground, in imitation of the manner in which the wreath of flowers—a willing offering—was cast by Man and his fair partner.

I have now completed the first division of my subject; viz., the Excellency of Man in all respects; and, I trust, I have proved the correctness of my proposition as I have proceeded to describe him—in his creation—in his power of doing well—in his power of doing evil—and in the design of his existence—four most important phases in which he may be viewed.

In order that we may judge correctly how insufficient men's conceptions are of their own excellency, we must consider :

1. The causes for pride which they see in themselves.
2. Their lack of endeavour to serve their fellow-men.
3. Their desires for happiness.
4. Their constant wish for forgetfulness of the past.

Let us first treat of

1. The causes for pride which they see in themselves.

Behold, then, this being, Man, walking erect among his

fellow-men, with raised head and uplifted brow ! Behold him, walking forth in the depth of winter, and gazing upon the broad shining sun as he stands nobly developed !

We fancy he has issued out to view the sun, and that he thinks, with pride, that that glorious luminary upon which his mortal eyes in vain assay steadfastly to look, was created a servant for him—to wait upon him all the day long, and sink away to his couch, when Man would wish to be in darkness and alone. We imagine that he listens with pride to the roaring of the wintry wind, because he thinks that the storm-god, who tears up the oak, and shivers the elm, flies before him only to do him service, and to dry up the pathway over which his conquering steps are to pass.

We presume he wraps himself in his cloak to wander forth, with pride, for such causes as these. But the wind to him is unheard, and the sun to him is darkness—his pride is in the length of the tassel attached to his Spanish cloak ! And this is the object of pride to the incomparable and immortal being, made in God's own image. Take the tassel off the cloak and tie it round a dog's neck, and it is every whit as good a tassel as before. An hour before, it hung in a shop-window ; and the most degraded of men who had possessed himself, by a fraud, of a few shillings, could have purchased it, and walked as good as he. A being whose mind knows no bound, has his affections centred upon a thing which can be measured out by the yard or the foot. He can look up to Heaven, and swear by the Eternal, that he is a Man, and at the same time he can hold a tassel in his hand towards Heaven ! When the angels, in the first burst of Man's creation, shouted for joy at the happiness

that was to dawn upon this creature, of whom they were not equals, did they then foresee, in prophetic vision, the tassel suspended to the new-born being, and hanging down to him, like a golden link, from Heaven?

Let us next think of a man presiding in all good-fellowship at his table, with his especial and chosen friends around him: the hot-house and the pinery yield their choicest and best—every fruit gives its delicious flavour for him, and the wines of Eastern climes extend to him their delightful refreshment. Such glorious viands, as these fruits before him, were the food of Man when he was intended to live for ever. These fruits of the Earth bear a living witness (so to speak) to the truth, that he whom Thou blessest, Maker of every good and perfect gift! is blessed. The superintending Providence of God, and the watchful care of Man, have made these luxuries to become patterns of excellence. The blushing peaches and the sun-burnt apricots, seem, like laughing children, to form themselves unconsciously into lovely groups for the pleasure of Man, who is to behold them. The table becomes a table with the Commandment plainly written upon it, to rejoice and be happy in the gracious and delightful gifts of bounteous Heaven.

Why does he who presides at the festive board look so proud? Is he not thus proud because of the dignity of Man? is he not proud that the Almighty should feel Man to be an object so capable of regard, as to study what is *agreeable* for him, as well as what is useful,—to strew these flowers in the Conqueror's path on his journey to Heaven? Is it this, then, that makes him proud? Oh, no! he is

not proud that men have these honours scattered in their way, but because some have them *not*. That *he has* the good things of this world, and that others are without them! Empty and barren pride, indeed, to be proud that people want! Miserable pride, to seek his banquet from a vast and well-nigh empty gulf, when flowers, to make happy by their loveliness, are growing upon the brink to be gathered by all. Guilty pride! like his who wanders up and down in the Earth, rejoicing that those around him *want*, and *feel* their want, and that *he* has caused them to do so. Let us fancy to ourselves another man walking amidst abundant Nature.

He beholds the various animals around him on every side, those animals of which the Creator gave him the power to be the namer and the judge of their respective merits. He walks a Man! far higher than the wide creation around him. Of what is he proud? of his Manhood? Oh, no! of that which is quite independent of it—of an *unreal* and empty *title*—of the one thing which has *no being*, which cannot acknowledge his superiority. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the deep, are realities, and own their higher master: the hills and the rivers, the valleys and the woods, were called into *real being*, expressly to own him as lord: but of what is he proud? he looks far around upon reality, and looks in vain for an object to gratify his senseless pride. He calls the beasts what he will; but this title—this *non-entity*—he has no power to call himself. Man is said “to bring nothing into the world,” he enters it, void of everything of worth or value; yet he brings this empty sound,

(this title) this vanity of vanities with him. He brings it a shadow from his father's grave, and leaves it a shadow for his coming successor!

The little child owns Man's real dignity in his own capacity, it sees it, and it acknowledges it; but of this false dignity it has no idea: ask a child just able to creep about, what is that before it, and it says "a Man," and it clasps its little hands and says "Man, Man, Man," and keeps on repeating the word as if it could not forget it in his presence; but great teaching and long tuition must come, before it will even understand, and still more before it will say, "Lord ——," or "Sir ——." How should we think that it lowered the dignity of an Angel to speak of him as "Sir Angel," or as "Lord Angel;" yet the Angels are but ministering spirits to Man, who is crowned with superior dignity and worship.

Yet us look now at another man. He stands amidst a group of armed and mailed soldiers—he alone remains with his arms folded, in an attitude of mute dignity. One had sooner dare to attack a troop of his soldiers, than, were he *alone*, one would dare to attack him. He stands, in the mute dignity of pride. Who is he? Ask Moscow, and you will be able to read his name by its bright fire! Ask the Alps, and they will shew you his name marked by his footsteps on their mighty heights.

Ask his soldiers, and his name is on every medal, and in every heart! Ask future generations, and they will have many a well-filled page to read in History ere they can give you a competent and sufficient reply. Place him, with his arms folded on his breast, beside the

most gorgeously apparelled of kings, with a golden crown upon his head, and a golden sceptre in his hand; and the latter becomes a mere child. You see that *the former has only given the latter the sceptre to hold for him*. Where shall we find an equal for Napoleon Buonaparte? Of what is he proud? Is he proud that he has used his ambition and his influence to elevate Man? Is he proud that he has raised his fellow-Man; that he has bid the weary-hearted to rejoice and live; that he has brought a vitality, a joyousness, a deathlessness, wherever his mighty step hath turned; that the little children can spring to him and call him their father and their protector; and that the *Eagle's wing* hath shed reviving dew upon the barren rock upon which she rested? Of what is he proud? Of the slaughter he has caused—of the homes he has desolated—of the millions doomed to misery and death by the vast ambition of one Man!

To see how insufficient Men's conceptions are of their own Excellency, we must next consider.

2. Their lack of endeavours to serve their fellowmen.

If we notice a man proud of his own talents of mind, and regarding as little the abilities of others—if we see him accept the impious adulation of “one God—one Farinelli,” we are wont to say that he has an excellent opinion of himself. Yet does this very line of conduct shew he has a most inadequate and insufficient appreciation of his own Excellence. If he really knew what are the capabilities and talents of *every Man* into whom God “has breathed the breath of life,” he would earnestly desire to foster, to cultivate, and to improve them; if

he really felt the brightness and the power of each ray of the Son of Man's mind, *of which his own forms a part*, he would desire that no ray should be darkened, but that from every quarter its bright influence should shine abroad. If he felt himself entitled to a niche in the very temple of Heaven, he would appreciate those others to whom it has been appointed to be placed in the same glorious edifice, and to be one with him in the opinion of Him who placed them there—to be one in durability and in happiness!

The mighty son of "him of Macedon," who, having conquered far and wide, "wept for fresh worlds to conquer," must be supposed to have thought much of his own excellence; but had he really appreciated himself as he ought to have done; had he known that his mind in its calm placidity was more extended than the universe he might subdue—that his smile, and not his tears, had power to conquer worlds—he would have endeavoured to open the minds of those to whom the like mighty prospects could be revealed, and would have sought to make those feel his mercy and his love, who could so easily be won by them.

What a glorious and noble employment is it, when we come to look into ourselves, and see our own moral dignity, to minister in any degree to the wants of others, and to serve them!

What is it to feed the hungry and exhausted beggar? It is supporting a body which is destined for eternity; it is adding to a body whose greatest increase will be to put on immortality. *It is placing your meat-offering in the temple of God.* It is strengthening a body to stand, which shall "stand at the latter day upon the earth!"

Supposing that the great day of the world's dissolution should come, like an incendiary in the night, and the Son of Man descend, He might behold that being, whom you aided, looking strong and healthy through your instrumentality; that being who, otherwise, might appear before Him, a sad witness that His example of mercy had not been followed, and that a being, for whom he had had compassion, others had allowed to faint by the way.

What is it to advise and counsel, and, by so doing, to assist, in his highest interests, the meanest and poorest of mortals? It is acting (if I may dare so to speak) as an inferior creator, it is re-forming a creature in the image of God; it is breathing into dust the breath of life; it is ministering to him to whom the Son of God came into the world to minister; it is rending the veil which divides the outer court of Man's earthly and carnal character from the inner "holiest of holies" of a pure and sacred righteousness; it is causing the earthquake of contrite and tearful repentance, by which the bodies of saints which before slept may appear, and go forth to testify to the excellency of the truth; it is causing the mighty voice to be heard, which pierces through the thick darkness that had been over all the land, and proclaims Man's redemption to be "finished!"

Oh! if our eye had power to see through the frail cobweb of our earthly grandeur, in which we fancy we are *fixed*, only because we are *entangled*, we should cease to admire these trifles and ensnarements, and learn to admire rather the *Insect* which soars even to heaven, without one portion of the web to bind and sully it.

Most noble, and most able to bestow, is the poorest and humblest of Mankind !

The guardian angels who attended his cradle, whose bright wings fanned his little cheeks when childhood's fever burned them, whose golden harps pitched the key by which his childish thoughts should be attuned to the holy and beautiful—and who came to him like strangers, only because they would make their distant country fully known—these guardian angels have placed on this being, Man, who is their favored care, wreaths and crowns of unfading laurel, and of deathless flowers, for him to place upon the heads of those who join in assisting and aiding him.

Riches distributed by us in obtaining worldly honours, and spent in gaudy vanities and pomps, make themselves wings and fly away—to damp those wings so as to prevent them from ever again rising from the ocean of oblivion ; whilst riches given to the poor and needy—extended to the widow and the orphan—make themselves wings and fly away ; but return, in the form of angels, to bless us and to minister to us.

They “ fly away to Heaven,” only to be transformed—for the base and corruptible to put on the glorious and incorruptible—mere feathers, lighter than air in their upward flight ; but angels' wings in their descending.

Shall we fancy Cheops, when the mighty work of a Pyramid was complete, and one of the “ wonders of the world” had received its accomplishment, looking at it with proud and intense delight ? “ Child of half a century ! whose length of life shall be proportioned to the time

which thy creation occupied, hail! Let not a vulgar hand presume to rest upon thee, nor a vulgar touch to soil thy matchless glories!"

Let us fancy, that whilst Cheops is thus speaking, a weary man, full of misery, draws nigh—the ragged vest is upon him—the dirt and the disgrace of a pauper—of a beggar—are around him:—he comes, an object that the dogs despise, and "shake their heads" at; and the birds of the air will not pick up the crumbs so foul a hand can scatter for them—he totters on, and asks leave of Cheops to rest himself against the base of that newly finished miracle—that wonder of the world. "Slave and Reprobate!" cries the offended King, "depart, ere mine angry arm strike thee dead, to rot with the corruption, that is thy fellow. Thou wouldst be hateful in my sight were I to behold thee spoiling and degrading the glorious Pyramid."

After having thus spoken, and whilst the miserable wretch, is snail-like, endeavouring to drag his enfeebled body away, we will imagine the King falls into a trance, and wrapt in a kind of prophetic vision, sees *into long futurity*. The courtiers who surrounded him, look with dismay and bewilderment at their lately proud and joyous monarch. How is his vision fallen!—Of what can he be thinking? He beholds, in thought, the mighty Pyramid fallen—lying scattered in heaps upon the ground, outspread—even as if the work had never been commenced, save that it bears the desolated appearance which forbids it ever again to be undertaken. The hungry beast howls amongst the ruins, and leaps over the former apex

which now its foot can reach. Cheops beholds also himself, his own everlasting mind—the mind of Man—amidst the ruins, endeavouring to decypher from the inscription by whom the work had been erected! The mind of Man seems to Cheops surpassingly great—whilst the work is a mockery and a by-word. The Monarch starts from his trance, and exclaims, “Rest thyself, O! Man! rest against this building—even as thou wilt, and let its feeble nothingness aid and help thee!” The King thinks how well the Pyramid looks in the sunshine, and how the beggar, who leans against it, honors and adorns it.

I have now to show how far short Men’s conceptions fall of their own excellency by their desires for happiness.

By the word “happiness” in this case, I mean, mere happiness in the abstract. One can easily conceive, that if the Author of Creation had called into being an Elfin Sprite, to hunt his own shadow, with joyous gambols, in the sunshine—to stand upon his little head, whilst he listened to his tiny friends, the grasshoppers, amongst the lowly verdure, and to make a chorus by his chuckling to the constant singing of his own gay mind; one can easily suppose, I say, that he would have conceived of this thing happiness, as the great and only purpose of his existence. He would have thought that for the bough of the hazel to fall upon him and hurt him was the saddest thing that could befall him, and that no blast could be so severe as that which dissipated the berries he had collected for his daily repast. But, for Man to desire the bough not to fall upon him—to consider it as the greatest misery that sorrow’s weight of sickness should rest upon him, when

that bough bears the fruit of Heaven, and when it is the healing fruit alone which causes it to bend—for Man to count the dust of his suffering earthly frame as anything, when his mind should weigh such dust in the balance and find it wanting—for Man to hoard up his treasures of wealth, and be happy in thinking that he has those things to rejoice and make merry with—that those berries are in his storehouse—what is all this but a proof how miserably short men's conceptions fall of their own excellency? Man, it is true, is born for happiness; but it is the happiness of a being that dispenses real happiness, and finds his own real happiness in so doing. Servant of the living God! Soldier of a Chieftain whose banner is an universe, waving as He willeth it! Should'st thou not be willing to scatter thy treasures of earthly happiness—thy health, thy gold, and thine honors—to the winds of Heaven, in order that thou may'st stand unencumbered, with free hands, to do thy Master and thy chieftain's will as thou alone, as being Man, art able to do?

Man, the example for the holy angels, should desire to see those pure beings kindled by the fire of his own warm benevolence:—he should desire to see the courts of Heaven illuminated with brightness, whether that brightness arise from his temperate mind amidst the blaze of his prosperity, or from the flame in which he is tried and purified in the fire of adversity. What a miserable want of appreciation does it show of his own power and his own excellency, that he should be anxious after, and desire solely, *his own* individual happiness!

The angels look not at his happiness (or such as he con-

siders his happiness), his happiness is in this lower world, and yet he is higher than the angels !

When the sages of ancient Greece met in the retirement of their assemblies, to discuss questions of absorbing interest, they considered themselves as “the excellent of the earth,” the greatest in intellectual power and might ; and when they deliberated on the subject of “the chief good,” they of course excluded the illiterate and the husbandman. Now how very short did the idea these sages formed of the excellency of Man fall below its proper elevation : how far short did their ideas, perhaps, fall even of those of the rustic ploughman, at whom they scoffed ; whilst they were discussing “the chief good,” they looked only to themselves ; it was “the chief good” in one form or another, to their own mere animal, earthly, corruptible bodies—or to their own pure, elevated, spiritual minds ; it was to *themselves* they looked—it was “the chief good” in the opinion of each man to serve *himself*—*one* creature—and to this one creature, and its joys and its sorrows, his whole attention was devoted.

But the rustic, debarred from these assemblies, because he had no subtleties of words, and no quibbles of thought, walked forth into the open country which was spread out before him, and felt that the Gods gave him all things richly, to enjoy.

The rustic, debarred from the assemblies of the sages, felt that Earth, Air, and Sea joined in a trio of joy for him ; and he resolved to be good, to consecrate every thought, work, and word to serve the Divinities, and to obey their dictates : he felt, in himself, that he was a spark of the great fire of the Gods,—that he was (so to speak)

a portion of them ; and he aimed to be like them, in diffusing blessings wherever his leathern and tanned hand could scatter them—and he felt, that in his example, he might be benefitting millions of created beings around him, who beheld him, unpatronized by Man, yet willing the good of Man,—who beheld him, driving the plough, with the same holy and elevated mind with which the Gods drove the moving universe. How much more did the rustic know of the Excellency of Man, than did those ancient sages. This Man, of open and free thoughts, might be compared to the Israelites who went out, and gathered food from Heaven, in their walks around the camp from day to day; whilst the sages, pondering over their fancied treasures, laid up in the recesses of their minds, might be likened to those who laid up what they had gathered, and hoarded it from others till it bred corruption, and became even as an offence ! Oh ! if we consider Man aright, as the holy angels look at him, how immaterial—what very nothingness—is the subject of the happiness of Man, i.e. the temporal happiness—such as Men usually consider happiness. He has the mighty scheme of the eternal Heavens before his view !—with the right to look at brightness, at the revelation of which the eclipsed sun, accustomed to deem himself the great light-bestower to Man, shall frown himself into darkness !—at the revelation of which, the moon shall be offered up a sacrifice upon the shrine of an eternal sunshine,—having no further darkness of night to illuminate.

With such a prospect before him, is it of any importance whether *the curtain* that draperies the window *through which he is allowed to look* be of velvet, of the brightest tint and

of the finest texture, or of the commonest baize that can be imagined ?

Think, O Man ! that you may walk, the leader of a company of saints and angels—that you may guide as a shepherd the flocks, lying even by the still waters of the heavenly pastures—that you may “compass the gates” of Heaven with myriads of virtuous conquerors whom you have led—that you may so conduct mankind by your example, that hereafter you may bid the grave give up her prey—that you may place your left hand in the sea, to bring up her treasured dead, and your right hand in the floods, to bring forth the redeemed !—that you may bind the flowers this earth produces, upon the heads of thousands of your fellow-creatures, and form them into circles and wreaths which shall have no end—no fading—no cessation of brightness ! Think of all this ; and then see if you have not an enlarged idea of your excellency ; and whether you will in future consider yourself in reference only, or principally, to your own personal feelings and personal emotions.

Have you ever wandered by the sea-shore when a storm was raging around you ? When the waves reached to the skies, and returned with the hollow-sounding tidings that there was no rest to be found even there—were you present ? Have you ever seen the vessel about to sink into the abyss of waters, with its cargo of living men stretching out their faint hands for help, and uttering prayers for the assistance all seemed afraid to give ? When this terrible scene was passing before you, did you ever see standing upon the beach, all unconcerned, a little child ? In such a case, you might be contented with the child when it wrapped itself

in its tiny cloak, and pleased itself with the idea that it was warm and comfortable—having the knowledge that it could render no assistance. But, under the like circumstances, if you saw a man standing on the beach, what a mean opinion must you have had of him, if he considered his own contentment merely, and did not rather think that his arm had the power to push off the boat from the shore, to save the lives of the perishing, to gladden the hearts of the despairing, to set an example to others, and to do the will of God.—So is it with life !

I proceed, next, to show how very far men's ideas fall short of their own excellency, by their ever desiring forgetfulness of the past.

We often find that when a man has heaped up treasures of gold and silver for himself, and gathered his purple and fine linen, until he appears surrounded with the former like an armour, and until the latter seem like banners displayed in honour of his greatness ; *then* some sudden enemy, of whom he never thought, takes from him his precious metals, and buries them in the deep mine of a grieving memory alone, and wraps the undying worm of regret within the gorgeous vestments which he destroys. The unhappy being sighs, with bitter grief, over his present poverty after the prosperity which once adorned him ; and he prays that he could forget the time past, when the mercies of a bounteous Heaven seemed to spread garments in his way, to do him honour, and to place him in the estimation of Providence, above the gold and the silver which were so liberally thrown into the balance.

Yet, what an unworthy idea has a Man of his own

excellency as a man, who wishes for forgetfulness of the past. He thinks of himself as a person who at one time had gold and silver crowded in his coffers, and splendid vestments adorning his figure, and as a person from whom these things are now all gone; so he desires to forget the past. Let him view himself as the “greatly favoured” of the great God—as one for whom the vast universe was summoned into life; let him think that at that period which he now desires to forget, he, as a being of intellect, of power, and of greatness, was in existence; that then for, perhaps, the only time in the space of that creature’s mortal span, riches and garments, utterly valueless in themselves, were spread before him, that he might show his native worth and greatness by despising them; that the little time he *then* possessed was the only time throughout all eternity at which, in his individual case, the angels of Heaven were looking down, in the hope to see him using the gold and silver in such a manner, and with such a mind, that he should be able to look back calmly at them when they were gone: and let him think that upon the exact period he is now in, the eye of Him who never slumbers and never sleeps, had been fixed from countless ages, to see whether he would wake from the dream of worldly grandeur and worldly honour, when it had faded—and wake “like a giant refreshed,” and not injured and jaded by his sleep.

Again, there are others, with minds of nobler and higher mould, who can see riches make themselves wings, and yet pursue not with an effort or a sigh the gaudy and fleeting butterflies; but who make some tender tie their sole good—who make an affection one with themselves, and

only know it is not *of themselves* because they value themselves as nothing in comparison of it. They place this feeling in the very inmost recesses of their heart—in the hidden shrine of their earnest love;—and the world's pursuits, in which they mingle and make themselves busy, are the mere veil which they place to hide the idol which reigns triumphantly in its own temple. To such persons there often comes a moment when Death, that mighty and terrible king, attempts not to raise or withdraw the veil—he injures not one pearl of glory—he hurts not one vestment of purple—he spoils not one chest of treasure; but he strikes *through them all*, with one quick and awful blow, and reaches the idol in the very temple where it reigned supreme. Terrible Death!

After such visitations as these, life for the future becomes enveloped in a cloud—a cloud in which a living memory was entombed, when it was in the speechless trance of a suddenly bereaved grief. Such a cloud is “a cloud of witnesses!” The sufferer earnestly wishes for forgetfulness of the past. He sighs with desire that he could banish for an instant—for one instant of a long life—the memory of *that one moment* now long past: yet he cannot rid himself of its spell and its power: if he look behind him, it is there, in the sad reality of its actual occurrence; if he look around him, it is there present, in the reality of every moment—for every moment is passed without the dear one who once made time so delightful; if he look before him, it is there, for it will be ever to come, mixing, darkening, and blending with every thought and employment. Alas! he will never gain forgetfulness, *for he will never forget to pray for*

it! Yet, how little does the desire of forgetfulness, in such a person, show of his appreciation of the excellency of Man. *The moment* which he most desires to forget was the one of deliverance—the moment in which the voice of mercy to Man is heard, after the mount has been burning with the fire of suffering and pain—the moment which opens a free and worthy communication of mind and affection between two beings that have long together lived and loved. As matters are in this world, there is, in truth, no mingling mind with mind. Our clayey bodies come between, like cold graves in the garden of Paradise; but when one virtuous being has departed (so to speak) from earth, the angel-mind will be one with the mind of the earthly friend it loves, ever present in its inmost recesses, blessing with its hallowed influences, and guiding with the sunshine of its comprehensive light. The moment of death is the moment of a deep and sepulchral gloom—of intensest shade; but it is the moment, also, of the highest glory. It is time upon which *a deep shadow falls—but the shadow is that of an endless and a perfect eternity!*

Again, there are those upon whom the weight of sin—grievous sin—rests heavily, even as the body of the murdered man rests (damp with the blood of a newly gushed out life) upon the arm of the murderer; heavily, as the remembrance of the victim buried in the field or rotting in the pond, rests upon the mind of the accursed man-slayer. This sin is, to men who feel the weight of it, like a loathsome worm, they fancy it in their own hollow skull, and that it will ever be there when they are rotting and corrupting in the hard and cold grave. It is a serpent, the

very emblem of eternity : if a moment of happiness severs the lengthy and before unbroken remembrance of it, it readily procures itself corresponding parts ; and lives in *two*—endless—equally endless—as before it was severed.

A man labouring thus under the burthen of sin (and what burthen is to be likened unto it?) wishes that his memory could become a void—a blank—a nothingness—if in so becoming, it could swallow up and merge the “damned spot” which lasts upon it, and most earnestly does he desire that he could forget the foul stain. How little appreciation does this show on his part of the excellency of Man. The evershifting, everchanging, remembrance, amongst the tears of penitential sorrow, is the rainbow in the cloud, which shows a God reconciled to Man, and which marks a mind noble in its origin and in its operations, though fallen from its first native and guileless perfectness.

It is true, Man has to wage an endless and wearisome battle with his wayward and vigorous passions, which are always combating with him and attacking him ; and he regrets that the bright sun in Heaven appears to have “*stood still,*” *on the remembrance of the terrible action of guilt* ; but, in fact, this sun of memory only tarries and “stands still” *that he may be victorious and “avenge himself of his enemies.”* Sin, either past, or sin which may be future, should ever be regarded by men in the light, if possible, in which an immortal and holy being regards it : yet the most guilty man in all creation, may look back upon sin *with the same assured glance* as the most innocent looks forward upon it.

I have, finally, to show how these several reflections may turn to an excellent purpose :

- 1st. By our obtaining fit objects for pride.
- 2nd. By cultivating an universal philanthropy.
- 3rd. By a desire for happiness such as is worthy of man.
- 4th. By cherishing such dispositions as will make remembrance a pleasure.

And, first, then : By our obtaining fit objects for pride. It is, I imagine, an object every way worthy of the pride of Man, that he can pass over the waters of life, the still waters of a humble and untroubled course, far from the busy turmoils of cities and the pomp and riches of courts and palaces, and can reflect in these still waters the noble grandeur of Him who called the raging billows into motion and bid the dashing sea roll forth her waves ; that he can show in the calm and humble lake the unbroken image of Him whose path is in the mighty waters. It is an object of just pride to such a man that he can exalt the dignity of poverty and obscurity ; that he can emulate the mild majesty of Him who is equally great whether He is calling an universe into being, or whether He is counting the hairs of the head, or numbering the little sparrows !

Again, it is an object worthy of Man's pride that he can look upon death without a fear and without a sigh ; that he can calmly meet him, face to——bone and hollowness ; that he can behold the sea of death coming upon him like a mighty ocean, and yet can place himself, like the English king of whom the old story is told, near to that ocean, unfearing—not because his earthly friends are telling him that it will

not soon come to his very feet, and bear him hence with its solemn surges—not because his friends tell him that he has, in his virtue, the power to bid it stay; but unfearing, because the Ruler of that sea willeth the tide to come upon him; and he may reproach his courtier-friends when the tide engulphs him—but reproach them only by his last smile!

Again, it is a just subject for pride in Man that he can bear unmoved the insults and injuries of others; that he has the power, by his own brightness, to place the bow of an everlasting mercy even in the falling storm of another's temper; that he can throw off insults and injuries others would heap upon him, even as he would a defiled garment, which may, indeed, be cast upon him, but which can have no part in him; and that, plunging into the depths of his own unsullied conscience and upright mind, he can be clean and pure. Every sting aimed at such a man, and coming upon him, without retaliation or ill-feeling on his part, is one sting removed from his own death. Such a man may behold in front of him, placed in opposition against him, whole regiments of injuries and insults; but he looks forward with a steady and earnest gaze to Heaven, and views these things only as slaughtered enemies lying strewed in the path before the citadel he is victoriously to gain, by triumphing over them. I fancy sometimes, in cases such as these, that I behold a magnificent castle, of safety and of grandeur, situated upon a bold and lofty rock; on the plain country below, I see a humble person stand, who earnestly desires to gain the eminence which towers so loftily above him. His numerous enemies, stern men of war, clothed in armour of steel, are ranged against him—fierce in their anger,

mighty in their strength, they throw towards him the iron chain of oppression and injuries, wherewith they intend to bind him, and then to punish him with their most savage fury—to place him, like a second Laocoon, writhing amidst his bonds. I see, however, that with the very chain—ay, that very chain which they threw towards him,—he makes himself a ladder, and escapes into the citadel where his highest pleasure lies and his greatest ambition reaches. Thus does their enmity work out his safety and his reward.

Again, it is a subject of fit pride for Man, that by his high and dignified example, he wins over the dissolute; gains the reprobate; and diffuses the blessings of a righteous life. A man, whose example is such, comes like the genial sun, making men smile although they know not why; he comes like the first spring-day, causing the ploughman to whistle his hymn of gladness, though he traces not his gladness to its source; raising the mind to Heaven and the spirit to felicity, though the participators in its sweetness know not why they are happy; he comes, a follower of the great Being who causes His sun to arise upon the evil and upon the good. Even a child, if he be pure and good, conveys blessings around; before he be strong enough, as it were, to convey fruits to support the weak and the thirsty, he bears a lapful of flowers to refresh them by the pleasing perfume. There is a wonderful force in example. It has the Medusa power when obscene illusions, coarse speeches, and impure actions come before it, to turn them into stone: for it leaves them fixed, without the ability to hurt, but compelled to remain lasting monuments of their own folly and nothingness.

Such virtue reveals itself *a pure spirit*, because it has, so to speak, *no form*. We learn to notice its brightness, like that of the sun in heaven, first, and perhaps only, by beholding the reflection in the quiet and still waters. Its possessor stands even as that glorious orb, the mighty centre of a system; he lightens, he gladdens, he directs, he blesses, by his firm and consistent example—by his unshaken, undeviating rectitude; he so lightens, gladdens, and blesses all, not because he moves around each, to adapt himself to each particular object, and make himself suitable to every individual; but because he remains unshaken and undeviating in the midst, for the others to move round as they will and to find him unmoveable.

The consistency of example has in it all the signs and works of *eternity*, for it has passed away from *time* with all its fleeting and changing variableness.

Again, it is an object worthy of pride, that all the objects of time are insufficient to keep eternity from a man's attentive and earnest care; that the youthful pleasures which to others form thick veils to exclude a distant heaven from the view of their minds, are to him but the *mists of morning* which are to pass away with the approaching day. To a man who thus thinks, the pillars raised to his honour, the stone memorials of his fame, are but the pebbles which lie at the base of the mighty falls of the ocean of eternity, and which those falls may indeed hide, but which they have the power effectually to brighten. The serpents of earthly allurements and of sensual pleasures are ever around him, seeking to beguile him and to destroy him; but he forms to himself the image of *an eternal pleasure—like Moses, he makes by*

Divine instruction, an imperishable image of the same character as that perishable one which would destroy him, and he looks upon the former, and lives. He stands like the Colossus of old, unnoticing the fast-sailing ships and ever-changing sails which pass beneath him, though they bear ingots of gold, and spices of perfect fragrance; unnoticing, otherwise than as he lights them on the course to the haven where they would be.

The great theatre of the world has to such a man its gorgeous pageants, its velvet trimmings, its armoured knights; but it is so dark that he sees them not, until he opens a window which lets in Heaven's own light upon everything, and then he beholds them by that light; but he immediately turns his thoughts and wishes to the green fields, and the brighter light of that day which he has a glimpse of even here. Such a man looks upon the pleasures of earth in their just light, as pleasures of great value in themselves; (who can deny it?) but he regards them as nothing when compared with the eternity which was before them of old, and which is to last for ever. It is, indeed, as a magnificent firmament, that he looks upon earth with its pleasures; but it is as a firmament which divides the lower waters of joy, from the waters of a boundless and glorious eternity!

These reflections may turn to a good purpose,

2. By leading to our cultivating an universal philanthropy.

After you have been contemplating with wonder and admiration your own mighty mind, rising above the heights and eminencies of the world, and even looking at the mighty luminary of all with fixed and steady gaze;

after that mind has been resting upon splendid pinnacles, to which other and inferior creatures never dared even to aim at attaining; on pillars reaching to the skies, and passing the clouds of earthborn doubts and mists of worldly prejudice : *then* let your eye rest upon the obscure corner, where another mind grovels, blasted. Think not for a moment that that blighted mind is inferior to your own, that it is an object unworthy of your notice or regard—a dead mass—or an useless clod : it is, equally with your own, an eagle-mind—the wing may be broken—the eye may be dimmed—the head may be buried in the dust;—but it is an eagle mind, for yours to aid and to benefit:—the wing, healed by you, shall soar with you to the highest skies ; the eye, now dimmed, when brightened by your care, shall unsubdued approach the majesty of sunlike glory ;—the head, which is now buried in dust, shall be near to you when you are above the gross alloys of an earthly and darkening world.

It is your privilege to conduct a creature like yourself to the entrance of Heaven :—to let the Sun behold an eye like your own, fixed in brightness and steadiness on His ineffable splendour, and to raise a countenance like your own, full of adoring hope, to the seat of its longing expectation and the source of universal good.

When you are proud of the fortitude with which you have wiped away the tear which “the stern necessity of fate” has called upon your pallid cheek, think of the thousands of tears, of thousands upon whose cheek the tears stand, unwiped away. Think of what *you were*, in the very madness and bitterness of your heart, ere you thus became master of yourself—and think that the reason and the religion which

you can so well instil, may render those thousands and tens of thousands as *you now are*.

It is not alone the living who call upon you to aid these mourners in their desolation—it is also the dead who call upon you—*your own loved and precious dead* that call upon you.—You know what it is for the *mind* to suffer through the *heart*—you *cannot*, by the memory of your own dear dead, refuse to relieve this woe. You *must* relieve it.

The temple of love is eternal, and its tablets (*its monumental tablets*) are as imperishable as the building which enshrines them. The matter rests entirely on this—whether the marble monuments shall bear the inscription of a conquered grief—the *Io Triumph!*—or whether they shall bear an inscription to be read by the eye ever moist with the tear of an unvanquished sorrow.

A deathless mind has inscribed, in characters which naught can obliterate—has inscribed, in its own eternity, and its own excellence, “To the memory”——: it is yours to inscribe upon the tablet the *only* word which can make it a source of aught but gnawing misery—the word which should have been *the first* inscribed there—“Sacred.”

The daily troubles of life oppress and wound mankind—they feel their woes blackening above them and around them, through these small clouds; but when *the blastings of memory* come, they come, like filling the trench with waters of tears, to prevent the possibility of fire coming upon the altar; and it is *you* alone who can cause it to come and lick up the bitter water in the trench of memory. When you feel proud of some discovery of profound depth and wisdom, which you have made—proud that you have pierced, with

the dart of subtlety, the object which soared on swift wing towards Heaven, and flew, ever moving, from every arrow less rapid and less certain than your own; and when you have been triumphantly gathering, Godlike, the ocean of knowledge, grasped in your tenacious hand; when you have found, like a Burns or a Bloomfield, the wisdom come on you which scholars and philosophers pursue in vain, as if that which Jacob feigned had really happened, and you obtained the game ere you had hunted it, because the blessing of Providence brought it to you—*then* go forth—to the man scorned and hated for his past crimes—go to him who is driven as an outcast from the paths of men—go forth, and show him that you still care for him as a Brother—recal to his memory the scenes of his early and his happy home, and lead him back, *by the garland of the garden flowers of his childhood*, (and not by the chains of galling punishment and the thongs of taunting reproaches) to the ways of Virtue, of Happiness, and of Peace. In melting such a mind—*the mind of Man*—in subduing such a mind, and plunging into the depth of its deep recesses, to bring forth from darkness the thought of good; to know how to strike that mind with certainty and in a moment—in THE moment when it can and should be done—is something far more wonderful than aught you have before achieved; it is a knowledge of which time cannot deprive you, for eternity itself *will show you the minds* of the whole human race; and that mind into which, with trouble and care, you have now benevolently pierced, will be as clear to you as the light; you will behold that which once was dark, brightening into day, and you will perceive that your

kindness and exertion formed the ray which so gloriously penetrated.

You never can in this world lack the means of elevating and exalting yourself. The means of gaining knowledge of literature, and diving into the secrets of art, may be denied to the humble and lowly in station; but the distressed are ever around you. There are minds full of sorrow and misery around you, for you to visit and to bless. "The clouds and darkness" of life surround as it were "your throne." You stand in a vast field, part of the produce of which has been cut down and withered; (for Man is even as a plant which passeth away) and the remaining part consists of blighted flowers, which may be revived by your maturing care.

Widows and orphans encompass you like a circle—a *dark, dark, circle indeed*—nevertheless such is life: *they are the dark line and shadow which mark out where the circle of domestic connexion and affection has been:* and it is *the highest dignity of the highest Man*, that the *lowest Man* has the power to mitigate human suffering.—Hail! Illustrious Lord of a boundless kingdom! Man of a christian and benevolent character! Master art Thou of Earth, of Air, and of Sea! *for Thee* the Earth pours forth her treasures, for with *Thy* liberal gifts the hungry are filled and the thirsty are refreshed; for *Thee* the Air bestows its blessedness, for Thou sendest the captive forth from his dark dungeon of misery, to rejoice in its balmy softness; for *Thee* the Sea gives up her dead, for Thou speakest to the broken-hearted mother, who mourns her son beneath the "far blue waves," and bringest to her a heavenly hope, and thoughts of meeting in future joy.

But thou art Lord of more—much more—than earth, and air, and sea ! *Lord of the mighty mind of a living man*, who lives through Thy timely and ample care. Lord of that vigorous mind, strong in its energies, and freed by Thee from the shackles which bound it ! Lord of the mind which shall own in Heaven the power of truth—the truth which maketh free !

These reflections may turn to a good purpose,

3. By inducing in men a desire for such happiness as is worthy of them.

When we have sat down, and after attentively considering, have perceived the unworthiness of so elevated and glorious a creature as Man, thinking of his own enjoyment, and of the gratifications he can selfishly heap around his path ; let us go forth to do justice and judgment, and to show mercy and compassion to the sorrowful and suffering. In so doing we shall gain happiness, in truth and in deed, without seeking it ; whilst formerly, when we have pursued it for its own sake, we have missed the objects of our desire. Instead of gaining happiness by slow study, we shall, as it were, gain it by inspiration.

Truly, in every object of pity, whose sorrows we might alleviate, and whose anguish we might soothe, there is given to us the means of a complete and real happiness.

Yet such happiness goeth by us, and we see it not—in this its proper light. In every moment of swiftly-passing time, which might be given up to duty, to God, and to obedience to His will, is happiness contained and centred ; but it passeth on, and we perceive it not.

The man who sits at home, endeavouring to make him-

self warm and glad at the fireside, will often find himself disappointed in the effect produced by his poor and perishing embers: whilst he who walks out, merely to go in the path of his every-day and consistent duty, or to visit the sick and wretched in their cold hovels of cheerless poverty, will find in the bright light and heat of the sun, that gaiety and that warmth which he who sought for heat and cheerfulness for himself was not able to obtain.

The minutest actions of a man's life—the jots and tittles of his existence,—if his life be directed by the dictates of piety and virtue,—are sources of happiness, true and celestial. Such happiness is like light, penetrating into every recess, and gladdening where it would have been thought it never could have entered.

When our Great Exemplar came into this lower world—He whom we follow, as we follow the sun in his course, not that we can ever be like Him, but that we may rejoice in being where He is—He, this great Exemplar, strikingly exemplified the fact I have lately mentioned. He came into the world “to do the will of God,” by giving His life a ransom for sinners; and He did the *whole* will. He came to visit the fatherless and the widow—He came to aid the beggar by the way-side, and the leper at the outskirts of the city;—and in doing so, He was highly exalted, and entered into His glory. It would have been (I speak it with all reverence) utterly unworthy of Him to have come into the world to seek His own happiness, His own exaltation, and His own glory; it was infinitely worthy of Him to act so as to obtain and enjoy all these. If ever there was a Being on the face of the whole earth, if we were to seek

from one end of Heaven to the other, who seemed *to wander away from happiness*, it was He, who, with the power to go wherever he willed, went where he had not where to lay his head. If ever there was a Being (i. e. an immortal spirit clothed in the garments of mortality) who gained happiness, it was He who is crowned with glory, and worshipped throughout endless ages of happiness in Heaven !

Let us fancy to ourselves Abraham and Isaac travelling on their way to Mount Moriah. How sad and sorrowful a pilgrimage was that to Abraham ! he thought that he was journeying to quench “the light of his eyes,” and the “desire of his heart,” upon the altar which the Great and *terrible* God had ordained for him : he imagined that, through his future life, every thing around him—the flowers—the clouds—the breezes—would ask him, in the sweet voice of his slaughtered son, “Where is the lamb for the burnt-offering ?”

Did not the “father of the faithful” seem to be hastening to bitter misery, as he hastened to Moriah ? But how could he possibly have so secured his happiness as by his thus going on his way ? He who had gone forth in the path of duty, with only (oh ! heavy burthen) the knife in one hand and the wood in the other, returned from Moriah with “length of days in his right hand, and in his left hand riches and honour.” How shall we ever dare to plead at the awful tribunal of God, that we have endeavoured to make ourselves happy, as a reason for our entering into happiness !

Awful words are those which I shall quote :—

“ Out of thine own mouth shalt thou be justified, and out of thine own mouth shalt thou be condemned.”

“ What,” it may be asked, “ was your aim and design whilst on earth ?”

The answer will have to be with very many, (for in the great day the veriest liar will speak the truth of the inmost recesses of his heart) “ To make myself joyous and happy.”

“ Continue, then,” it may be rejoined, “ your vain and idle work ; continue to seek your own still-waters of peace and joy ; but continue to seek them where there is no drop of water to cool your parched tongue. Continue to pursue, by narrow bridges over deep precipices, thy oft-conjured-up spirits of happiness and revelry, until they fall headlong into the gulf over which there is no bridge—the gulf which shall for ever separate Heaven from them and thee.”

But when the question is asked, “ What was your aim and design whilst on earth ?” if the answer can be given in truth, “ To do the will of God,” “ Continue, then,” it will doubtless be said, “ to do that will, in being endlessly and supremely happy ; for it is the will of the great Lord of all, that those who have followed Him on earth should enjoy His felicity in Heaven, and reap the rich reward of their faith and love.”

If to the question I have before repeated, the answer be—

“ My aim was to soothe the distressed and sorrowful mind,” the answer will I believe be, “ Continue throughout eternity your righteous work, and find in the communion of minds, now the communion of saints, the perfect happi-

ness of your being, in the unreserved intercourse of blessed and celestial spirits.”

True Happiness is a Goddess, purely and entirely un-earthly ; no marble pillars support her lofty dome, and no sculptured frieze adorns her temple-gates : her pillars oftentimes rest where man hath not where to lay his head—if that head be clear in rectitude and virtue :—the entrance to her temple is often through the narrow lane, and the secluded alley of “honest poverty :” the flame of her altar is frequently seen to rise from the small and damp apartment, where the weak and attenuated girl gives up the whole of her scanty and hardly-earned gains, to make a little fire for the mother who loved and nourished her in the helpless hours of infancy and childhood, and who now lies upon a bed of sickness and old age—a cold bed but for the coals kindled by the fire of a daughter’s love.

The beams of the chambers of Happiness lie often in troubled waters, and the niches in which images of the Goddess are placed are not the lordly hall and the marbled gallery ; but the shrines in which the statues and the monuments of those who have been deeply and fondly loved remain, leading the mind from earthly shadows to Heavenly realities, and from earthly vacant chairs and vacant resting-places, (Eheu ! Eheu !), to the fulness of Heaven, and the completeness of the joys above !

The insufficiency of the best of selfish, earthly, comfort, and selfish bodily ease, to ensure happiness, has ever been a fixed certainty ; from the very time when it was pronounced in the garden of Eden, the valley of blessedness and peace, that it was not good for Man (even there) to be alone.

These reflections may turn to a good purpose, in the 4th place,

By leading us to act in such a way as will make remembrance a pleasure.

If I were to be asked to give a definition of this world, I should call it a world of remembrances.

The simplest action which we do—the slightest word which we say—we do and say from the memory of something which has preceded. A thing may have occurred but once, yet how often do its remembrances come again to us—like as in a journey, we may only *once* pass the beautiful valley, the magnificent mountain, or the dashing waterfall; but at *every* opening of the road, and between the clump of *every* set of trees, we see the long-passed object return to us—varied, indeed, in its appearance, from the difference of our own situation—yet still continually recurring.

In this world, we stand as acting and moving spectators; strange to say, acting and moving yet mere spectators, surrounded by a panorama—the circle of our own memories. To scenes of happiness and peace, scenes of boyhood's merry days—how does remembrance fondly cling! Memory seems like the little bird upon the wing, which we often see, (when we are wandering in the clear and open country) pass over the dull road and barren ground of reality, with an almost imperceptible speed and velocity, and pause when it is above the green fields, or slowly hop along the flowery meadow, where our boyhood played, with jocund laugh, and loud and repeated shout.

It is not alone to days of bliss that tenacious memory clings. Even in sorrow, how does memory seem to neglect

the present green twigs and oziers, and build its nest in the ruined oak of grief and woe. Since, then, remembrance is so powerful, let us learn how we shall act in various instances, so as to make remembrance a pleasure.

When we arise from our beds in the morning, let us remember that the day upon which we are just entering *can never be annihilated*; that it is a portion of eternity; and that the transactions of that day will be *for ever* in the remembrance of ourselves, of other men, and of Heaven! If a guilty act or a rebellious thought take place in it, and sully the fair beauties of that day, our remembrance will stand, like a sorrowing Adam, fixed over it, through the ages of time and of eternity, brooding over the fallen and the destroyed—fallen and destroyed by our own means, and which, but for ourselves, might have been the pure, the living, and the happy.

Men are in the habit of laughing at what are denominated venial offences and idle wandering thoughts.

We may now fancy these little sins and trifling thoughts to be mere sands in Time's hour-glass, destined to be shortly run out, and then forgotten; but, in fact, they will not be so; they will for ever return, and we shall measure our future life (so to speak) by the oft-recurrence of them; and even when Time shall be overthrown, and his power shall be gone, and his glass shall be broken from his vanquished hand, these sands (as we thought them) shall be poured out upon the shore of that most vast of seas, the ocean of eternity—the mighty ocean—terrible—and restless!

Let us not cherish for a single moment the vain hope that our evil deeds can utterly pass away, even with passing

time. Memory writes her records in characters of fire—which cannot pass—for it is that very fire which shall consume the world and all that is therein; and when, through the countless ages of eternity, the everlasting spirits shall remember that the world was burnt up, they shall recollect the bright and burning fire of evil deeds which caused it to be so.

How idle is it then of men to call a word or a thought unimportant! Let us not think lightly or trivially of the minutest action, speech, or imagination. In committing a bad action, saying a bad word, thinking a wrong thought, we are lowering into the dark abyss of memory *an undying inhabitant*! An ocean of tears shall afterwards flow near it, but shall *never reach it*!

We are placing it in a dark recess, where the passing things around us, the shadows of present joys and present occupations, cannot overshadow it; the mighty oaks and the lofty elms cannot hide it, although we may endeavour to conceal it amongst nature's views and changes; and the highest monuments of art will be found utterly useless in our aim to overtop it in the eminence of the mind, although it lies buried so low.

Memory is an angel, and she has an angel's power: let us not, by our own evil deeds and thoughts, put into her hand a flaming sword; since our after-life can never withdraw that sword therefrom, or prevent it from *turning every way*. Yet we have a Jacob-like power to compel that angel to bless us. Let us penetrate, then, into the confined passages and alleys of this vast metropolis, to visit the fatherless, the widow, and the aged and bereaved parent; these low courts

and alleys will have green trees down them in the long vista of a memory of a whole life ; and let us bear in mind *what Man's life is*, in estimating the blessedness of this result.

Man's life is not the period of threescore and ten, or of fourscore years ; but it is that which is a portion (so to speak) of the *eternal design* of the Almighty. Let us comfort and elevate merit and worth when struggling and sinking. As we descend the vale of mortal life, and pass to the furrow which we are to occupy at its foot, the being whom we have been the means of placing on an eminence, to which his virtues and his talents entitled him, will appear to us in memory to be still higher, and he will become more and more prominent when our eyes are failing to discern other things around us. Happy they who, in raising their dying eyes to Heaven, can discern such a being so raised by their kindness.

Let us repress, with the utmost determination, every bad thought, every rising inclination to that which is evil ; so that when Memory looks back, *as She will look back*, at our past life, She may not find vices and errors in her path to trouble and perplex her, but she may peacefully direct her gaze backward, until she behold the little child, with its mother raising its tiny hands to God in prayer.

There memory may *repose*, and you may be happy that she does so. Upon vice and folly she cannot *rest* ; but, like the Egyptians at the Red Sea, although she cannot rest upon it, she will never pass over it. Descend for a short while with me into the cavern of memory, a gloomy and a

solemn cavern ; but take heed *how* you descend, the way into it is slippery with tears, and dark with the funereal palls of sad and solemn thoughts.

There are many who would fain wish not to enter it, and who would rather sport above the entrance, and find their pleasure in the flowers and fruits which are born to die almost as soon as they come into being. But it is useless to be deceived. We must either go into that cavern with willing steps, or be forced to enter into it by stern compulsion.

It is a solemn cavern : it is a sepulchre and a vault.

This description will appear to the young and the gay, to those who have never thought at all, or if they have done so, have only thought lightly and carelessly, to be harsh and overdrawn. They suppose so, only because they have yet much to learn in this evil and troublesome world—a world, made evil and troublesome, by reason of the people who inhabit it. “Know thyself,” is an often quoted, and admirable precept. Those who are able in any degree to act up to this direction, will learn the truth of my definition of the cavern of memory, that it is a sepulchre and a vault. There lies the bitter speech—the speech which each man has at some period or other used. The gibe or the jest against the unfortunate and the weak—the unfortunate in worldly circumstances—the weak in human intellect : there it lies *grinning horribly in Death*. Those against whom in a careless hour that jest was directed, have probably long since forgotten it ; or if they have not done so, have ceased to feel its power to annoy ; but the utterer of the jest *will* behold it in its

sepulchre, and *must* behold it there. There it lies, grinning horribly *in Death*. The life of the jest is gone for ever; but the jest lies there, dead. How spiritless it looks now in the eyes of him who made it, and who when he spake it, was charmed with its vivacity, and its sparkling wit. It was the delight perhaps of a whole company of merry fellows, to the confusion of the poor man, or the half-witted creature, at whose expense it was coined and uttered. It cannot move a smile now on the lip of him, who once thought it a gem of exceeding brightness. The life of the jest is gone for ever; but the jest lies there, dead. It shows its teeth, grinning like a wild boar, ferocious in its malice; but no sound issues from its lips. How earnestly and how ardently does he who made "the jest," desire that it would hide the teeth, which it will for ever show. He would heap over it words of kindness; but those words were not said when they should have been said, and it is vain now to utter them. He would throw the dust of oblivion over the jest; but the loud laugh which succeeded "the joke," would suffice to blow away the dust, however thickly he might heap it. The cause of sorrow and grief to the utterer of the witticism, is not that his jest remains for ever in his view; for there is nothing in a joke which can ever cause annoyance to him who made it. (Away with such a puritanical and absurd supposition.) It is only in the fact of its being an *unkind* joke, that the sting of the matter is centred. The joke remains fixed in death, with the mark upon it of the determination of harshness and severity. If you would

have cause to smile yourself, do not be the means of making any other human creature cease to smile. In the sepulchre of memory, there lies, not alone, the ill-timed and unkind jest. There lies, also, the corrupt thought, now entirely and visibly corrupted.

Woman was made, as we read in holy writ, as a help-mate for Man, and we acknowledge that Woman's mind should be as pure as day; and yet Man, for whose mind hers as a kindred one was made, is allowed to debase his mind with every low and impure thought; and his so doing is looked upon as a jest, and "a natural sort of thing." Remember, also, that it is not alone the *grossly coarse* word or idea that deserves the term *corrupt*. It may be hidden from other people, it may be almost hidden even from ourselves; but it is nevertheless corrupt, in truth. The veil of innocence and purity may have been drawn over it, but now that it is in the sepulchre of memory, the pallid and decaying corpse is seen. Remember, also, that it is not alone the wrong act or *word* that bears upon it the stamp of guilt; yet how many have thought that they have gone to the very extent of strictness, when they allowed guilt to attach to the *word* which possibly terminated not in the licentious action.

The thought—the sensual thought—although it does not produce the gross word—the thought—the revengeful thought, although it is not followed by the revengeful deed,—each is a sin in the sight of that Being who *sees the thoughts*, and who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity except with abhorrence.

We may have fancied, perhaps, because an evil thought

did not lead even to an evil word, that it was a mere *dormant* thought; we may have supposed that it would be quiet, and lead to nothing; but now as we behold it in the cavern—the sepulchre—of memory, we see the worms—the corrupting worms—the worms which die not, and which it bred, crawling in and out of the recesses of that base and guilty thought.

That thought will never *sleep*, (when did a loose or wrong thought ever do so?) it has in it the principle of eternal wakefulness.

There is another great and sad evil attending every bad thought, it is this;—that as memory is so constantly bringing it back to him who once entertained it—it is likely *years after it first occurred to him*, to produce its fruits in him; and when it has (for example) brought forth the *word*, who can attempt to say how that word will propagate the debasing thought in others who hear the word uttered, and who gain the knowledge (miserable gain truly it is!) of the contaminating thought. There are substances which to see is injurious, there are airs which to breathe is pernicious, there are scents which to inhale is destructive. Nothing is so pernicious, as we know, in all these respects, as that which is corrupt.

So with the guilty thought, its corrupting nature injures every person who gains a knowledge of it.

The lion has power to destroy; the eagle has velocity to reach its prey; but the bad thought—

“It is swifter than eagles,”

“It is stronger than lions.”

Around that corrupt thought, in the sepulchre of memory,

the hungry and greedy wolf of ferocious acts and savage realities howls.

It is as impossible for this wolf, who feeds on prey like this, to exist without such food for its nourishment, as it is for such food to be placed there without calling around it this rapacious and horrible creature. Were there no such wolf, it is true that that food, the evil thought, might signify little: but were there no such food, the wolf of guilty acts, *would assuredly die* for lack "of that he feeds on." That wolf finds a tongue, and declares that there is nothing unpleasant in that food, and turns to it and scents it out as strengthening and exciting.

If you would destroy the wolf effectually, do not seek to kill him by bodily force; for if you leave him his food, your blows will fall harmless on him, as on a coat of mail; but take from him the only means of his subsistence—remove the provender which is his only nutriment, and he will die though an army of men stood to preserve his life. How could it possibly be otherwise?

If we could put a stop to the evil thought—the rising emotion of wrong—the imagination of guilt—the licentious wish—the revengeful feeling—and the impious doubt,—what would become of murder, with its fearful histories? of seduction, with its treacherous undermining of the holy chastity of Woman? of blasphemy, with its awful defiance of the thunderbolts of an Omnipotent and an Omniscient God?

We must estimate correctly what Man's mind is. It is utterly vain and idle to attempt to crush it, *it will*

and must live. The Almighty has willed it; and whilst any peasant may destroy the body, it is more than the united strength of all the monarchs of the Earth can do to destroy a mind. It is equally as vain to try and keep it in a state of inactivity, subdued, and non-operative, although the scheme has been so often contemplated. The Eagle mind may be debarred from all that is wholesome, I readily admit; but confine it from what is right, it will be for ever wheeling around and about what is wrong; the carrion of sinful thought will lead it undeviatingly and immediately to its provender.

It will live—it will have its being—and it will move; it “rests not day nor night;” it is the highest gift of Providence, but it can become the most fearful instrument of self-destruction.

Let each man think within himself what his own mind is; and let him then recollect, that the mind of the poorest and humblest of all the sons of Adam, is precisely similar to his own.

His own mind is that which is to live through unnumbered ages, infinitely happy, or infinitely miserable. It rests with himself which of these destinies awaits it.

The balance is placed in his own hands: let him weigh palaces and thrones, the wealth of Ophir and the jewels of the East, as very dust when weighed against the Excellency of his own mind.

THE END.

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MEMBERSHIP consists in the payment of an Annual Guinea, or of Ten Guineas in one Sum.

The GOVERNESSES INSTITUTION has been established, to raise the character of Governesses as a class, and thus to improve the tone of Female Education; to assist Governesses in making provision for their old age; and to assist in distress and age those Governesses, whose exertions for their parents, or families, have prevented such a provision.

To prevent misconception, the Committee think it better to remind the public that Governesses *cannot*, as a body, be *provident*, in the usual acceptation of the word; i. e. they cannot provide for their own declining years. Each individual, as she undertakes the office, knows what its trials are; but she has, *almost universally*, no choice of action. Death, or misfortune, has thrown upon her the maintenance of one, sometimes of both parents; with mostly the additional care of younger brothers and sisters. By the time that the aged parent has been watched into the grave, and the apothecary and the *undertaker* paid; by the time, that the younger sister has been fitted for the same duties—her premium as an articulated pupil, or the finishing master's expensive lessons, paid by the governess-sister; by the time, that the brother has left school—where the governess-sister kept him—and can support himself without that home, which the governess-sister supplied; mid-age is attained—care and anxiety are beginning to shew the effects of years—and medical advice, and long *necessary* intervals of mental rest, consume the funds which should prepare for age.

Of all this, however, the *employer* may know nothing. The same high feeling, which

Advertisements.

makes the daughter devote herself to the support of her beloved parent; or the sister work cheerfully for those, whom the dying parent bequeathed to her care; will make her silent respecting her generous labour of love.

And shall we call this "*improvidence?*" Shall she, who has "*provided*" for the comfort in old age of her widowed mother, or her father, paralytic, imbecile, insane—Shall she, who has by self-sacrifice placed her sisters and brothers in the path of independence, and thus "*provided*" for their future prosperity—Shall she be told, that she ought first to have provided for *herself*? It is the peculiar character of Christianity to care for others rather than ourselves:—Shall it be a crime in the Governess, that this is usually the very character of her life?

To facilitate the operations of the Institution, its proceedings are subdivided.

I. TEMPORARY ASSISTANCE TO GOVERNESSES IN DISTRESS, AFFORDED PRIVATELY AND DELICATELY, THROUGH THE LADIES' COMMITTEE.

II. ANNUITY FUND. ELECTIVE ANNUITIES TO AGED GOVERNESSES, SECURED ON INVESTED CAPITAL AND THUS INDEPENDENT ON THE PROSPERITY OF THE INSTITUTION.

It is necessary that a capital should be raised, from the interest of which Annuities may be given; as to profess to grant Annuities from annual subscriptions,—from a fluctuating income, which any change of public opinion, or accidental circumstances, might destroy,—would be to risk disappointment to the aged annuitants at (perhaps) the most painful and inconvenient time. Fourteen Annuities have been founded by the investment of £7000 in the 3 per cent. Consols; and it is intended to elect at least two in each succeeding May and November, should the funds be received. The Candidates, who must be Governesses above Fifty years of age, require to be approved by the Committee.

Two Annuities were founded in an interesting manner. The Bishop of Durham, feeling for the unsuccessful candidates, offered £50 to meet a similar grant from nine other parties; and in a fortnight the amount was raised. A similar offer has just been made by a Lady, and similarly met.*

An early and valuable friend of the Institution has suggested, that, as the number of Governesses is computed at fifteen or twenty thousand, an Annual Shilling from each would create an *additional annuity yearly*.

The Committee have accordingly prepared small receipts for One Shilling each, in sheets of 20, 40, &c., which they will be ready to issue to any one kindly undertaking the office of Collector. The accounts for each year will close on the first of March, that the Committee may know what amount of Annuity can be given from the Collection.

III. PROVIDENT FUND. 1. PROVIDENT ANNUITIES PURCHASED BY LADIES IN ANY WAY CONNECTED WITH EDUCATION, UPON GOVERNMENT SECURITY, AGREEABLY TO THE ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

This branch of the Institution has been very successful. Any Lady can have the Tables of Rates and other particulars forwarded to her, on application to the Secretary at the Office; and, if she will consult any member of the Stock Exchange, or other gentleman connected with monied details, she will learn, that she cannot otherwise have such terms with such security.

2. IT IS PROPOSED TO EXTEND THE ADVANTAGES OF THIS FUND TO THE SMALLER SAVINGS OF YOUNGER LADIES; CARRYING OUT, HOWEVER, STILL THE ONE PRINCIPLE OF THE INSTITUTION, OF ENTIRE SAFETY TO THE DEPOSITORS.

Any amount will be received from any Lady, and the trouble taken off her hands; but an account will be kept for each, at the Savings' Bank, in Montague Street, Russell Square.

IV. A HOME FOR GOVERNESSES DURING THE INTERVALS BETWEEN THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.

A house has been taken in Harley Street, and opened as a Home: it will be principally self-supporting, the Ladies paying a certain weekly sum for Board and Lodging; and the residents will only be admitted by the Ladies' Committee, and for a limited time.

As the expense of the Lease, Furniture, &c. is very heavy, Subscriptions to this object are much required; and donations, *in kind*, will be thankfully received.

V. A SYSTEM OF REGISTRATION, FREE OF EXPENSE TO GOVERNESSES.

The above are in full operation.

VI. AN ASYLUM for Aged Governesses, for which a House and an Endowment are both required.

VII. A COLLEGE for Governesses, and arrangements for a Diploma.

* A Lady has kindly offered to give £50. to meet a similar Donation from nine others and found a third Annuity. Names of Donors will be thankfully received by either Secretary. Four Names have been given.

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.

THE Weekly Board feel it due to the Public to report the result of the Contributions kindly given at the Centenary Festival.

The Hospital having been designed for a much smaller number of Patients than it now contains, the continued increase of Patients and the increased accommodation required for them have occasioned serious inconvenience to the health and comfort of the necessary officers and servants of the establishment; and one of the first cares of the Weekly Board has been to make better provision for the health, rest, and comfort of the Nurses and Servants. New Dormitories have been provided; new Steam Apparatus erected; the whole Basement re-laid, thrown open to air and light, and re-arranged; and the Drainage collected at a very heavy expense.

The next point has been to make full provision for the necessary Baths, and for such other increased advantages as the enlarged Hospital and advancing science have demanded. An ample supply of water at the highest elevation secures a sufficiency at all hours for Hot and Cold Baths and for all Medical and other purposes. The Dispensary and the Laboratory have been brought together; and a new range of Buildings constructed for the pathological department.

In the course of these arrangements, fresh improvements to make them complete have constantly caused slightly increased expense; so that the amount collected at the Centenary Festival has been exceeded by the sum of £1625. And yet the great body of the estimates approved and ordered by the Governors at a General Court—embracing increased and proper accommodation for the resident officers; fire-proof staircases; the removal of the old and heavy sash-frames; the Porter's Lodge; and the Chapel—remains untouched; and the Weekly Board have no funds in hand to attempt them. For the last two objects certain sums have been subscribed—for the Lodge £200. and for the Chapel, received and promised, £365—but, whilst these sums can be applied to no other purpose, they are unequal, in each case, to the necessary expenditure.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Thomas Hunt, Esq., 11, Manchester Square; by the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co.; or by the Secretary at the Hospital.

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4. To afford pecuniary assistance to deserving young persons in cases of temporary distress or difficulty.

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In order to realize these objects, a book has been opened at the office, in which the names and addresses of young persons of good character and capacity, are entered free of expense, to meet the inquiries of employers seeking additional assistants, especially in the busy season.

A provident fund has also been established, in which young persons engaged in the business can deposit their savings, on Mondays, from 10 to 11 a.m.

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Communications, pre-paid, can be addressed to the Members of the Committees; to the Honorary Secretary, R. D. Grainger, Esq.; or to Miss Newton, at the Office, 13, Clifford-street, where all applications for further information should be made.

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WILLIAM TOOKE, ESQ., F.R.S.

This excellent Charity has been the means of rescuing from a life of misery and decrepitude, thousands of afflicted poor; and by enabling them to follow those occupations by which alone they could hope to derive their subsistence, it has been to them and to Society a source of incalculable good. But striking as is the utility of the charity, and powerful as its claims upon public benevolence are admitted to be by all who have visited the hospital and become eye-witnesses of the surprising results obtained, it is much to be regretted that it is comparatively but little known, and by consequence, very inadequately supported.

Advertisements.

The thousands of cases which attest its salutary effects, include deformities of every kind and degree, and individuals of every age, from the tenderest infancy to vigorous manhood, and very many of even maturer years, whose distorted and powerless limbs have been speedily restored to their natural functions. For the system of treatment is alike successfully applied to contractions and deformities of every part of the human frame; and in cases of lateral curvature of the spine especially, its application has been attended with great success.

These effects have brought the charity forcibly under the notice of the public, and the result has been a steady increase in its funds, which have recently received an important accession in the liberal grant of £100, from the Corporation of the City of London. But this increase, gratifying as it is as an evidence of public approbation, and gratefully as the Committee acknowledge it, is by no means adequate to the claims upon the Charity, which are constantly augmented by applications from all parts of the kingdom, at the average rate of thirty to forty per week—numbers of most distressing and urgent cases being for months excluded from the hospital, solely from the want of means for their accommodation. There are now upwards of 130 upon the books waiting for admission, whose cases are aggravated and their cure greatly retarded by the delay in their treatment, but who can only be admitted as vacancies occur in the hospital, unless additional funds are obtained.

It is with the view of affording more speedy relief in these distressing cases, that the Committee again appeal to public benevolence in their behalf, and earnestly solicit all who have at heart the welfare of Society and the good of their fellow-creatures, to visit the hospital, assured that a speedy increase of funds will follow, as the sure and natural result of a just appreciation of its merits.

An annual subscription of £1. 1s. constitutes an annual governor; a single subscription of £5. 5s. a governor for ten years; and £10 10s. constitutes a life governor—each entitled to recommend one in-patient and two out-patients annually for every such subscription.

Subscriptions and donations of any amount will be thankfully received by the following bankers:—Messrs. Martin and Co., 68, Lombard-street, bankers to the Institution; Barnard, Dimsdale, and Co., 50 Cornhill; Barnetts, Hoare, Bradshaw, and Co., 62, Lombard-street; Coutts and Co., Strand; Curries and Co., 29, Cornhill; Goslings and Sharpe, 19, Fleet-street; Hanburys, Taylor, and Lloyd, 60 Lombard-street; Messrs. Hankey and Co., 7, Fenchurch-street; Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart., and Co., Mansion-house-street; Messrs. Masterman, Peters, Mildred, Masterman, and Co., 35, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street; Ransoms and Co. 4, Pall Mall east; Robarts, Curtis, and Co., 15, Lombard-street; Willis, Percival, and Co., 76, Lombard-street; by the Honorary Secretary, H. Gillett Gridley, Esq., 5, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square; and by Mr. B. Maskell, Secretary, at the Hospital.

By order of the Committee,

H. GILLETT GRIDLEY, Hon. Sec.

ASSOCIATE INSTITUTION
FOR
IMPROVING AND ENFORCING THE LAWS FOR
THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN.

Office, 8½, St. Swithin's Lane, King William Street, London.

The design of this institution is to obtain an improvement in the laws relating to the suppression of Houses of Ill Fame, and the punishment of persons acting as Procurers or Procuresses. A bill, containing provisions calculated to effect these objects, has been prepared; which Bill, it is hoped, will be brought under the notice of Parliament early in the ensuing session.

The Institution enjoys the Patronage of the Right Honourable and Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of London, and sixteen other Bishops, several of the most influential Clergy in the metropolis, a large number of Noblemen and Gentlemen in both Houses of Parliament, together with many eminent Philanthropists in different parts of the kingdom.

The Committee are fully alive to the fact, that, in order to the accomplishment of their objects, it will be necessary that a powerful public appeal should be made to the Legislature. The agents of the Society are, therefore, actively engaged in diffusing information on the subject, and in forming auxiliary associations to assist in obtaining a strong expression of public opinion. And the Committee trust that the friends of humanity throughout the country will not hesitate to supply them with that amount of pecuniary aid which will enable them to take whatever steps may be found necessary in order to complete success.

Dec. 31st, 1846.

Subscriptions and Donations will be received by the Society's Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; by the Treasurer, Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P., Temple; by the Honorary Secretary, Thomas Joplin, Esq.; by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street, Oxford Street; at the Office of the "Record," 54, Fleet Street; and by the Secretary, Mr. Henry Joseph Newman, at the Office, 8½, St. Swithin's Lane, near the Mansion House, London.

N.B.—The first Report of the Institution is now ready, and may be had (*gratis*) on application.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
37, OLD JEWRY.

Established 1834, by Deed enrolled in the High Court of Chancery.

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ACTUARY.

PETER HARDY, Esq., F.R.S.

GENERAL
THEATRICAL FUND ASSOCIATION,

Instituted February 16th, 1839.

**For granting Permanent Pensions to Actors, Actresses, Chorus-
Singers, Dancers, Pantomimists, and Prompters.**

The attention of the Patrons and Supporters of the Drama is particularly called to the Rules and Regulations of this Society, by which all persons who are excluded from the Funds of the Patent Theatres are enabled to become Members of this Association.

*Enrolled with the Magistrates according to Act of Parliament,
10th George IV. cap. 56.*

Capital already Invested £3,391.

TRUSTEES.

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SECRETARY.

Mr. CULLENFORD, Theatre Royal, Adelphi.

HONORARY PHYSICIAN.

Dr. ROBERTS, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

 *This Gentleman has kindly offered his gratuitous advice to every Member of the Association on production of the Certificate of Admission.*

The object of the Association is to provide by way of Annuity in old age, or in case of accident or infirmity, for the Members of the Theatrical Profession, who, by the Rules of the Covent Garden and Drury Lane Funds, are excluded from the benefits of these Institutions. The Committee most respectfully solicit your support and Patronage.

Advertisements.

At the Annual Meeting, held February 25th, Four Persons of the respective Ages of 67, 63, 59, and 58 years, were granted Annuities of £25 per Annum each.

The want of an Institution that should give to *the great body of Actors* the means of averting the combined evils of age and poverty, has long been severely felt : that want, the present Association is intended to supply ; and nothing is demanded, but heartiness and union of purpose, on the part of Members of the Theatrical profession, to carry the intention into the fullest possible effect. Let Actors remember how small a number, out of the hundreds of their brethren, can possibly arrive at situations in the Theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane ; and how very few, even of that number, can hope to be admitted to the advantages of *their* rich and prosperous Funds, on account of the restrictions as to age, service, and other matters imposed by their Laws.

ELIGIBILITY OF MEMBERS.

That the persons eligible to be future Members of this Association shall be all persons who practise the Art of Acting, Dancing, or Singing, as a means of subsistence, in Great Britain and Ireland, and who shall have so practised such Art, or Arts, for a term of not less than Five Years.

That any Member of this Association, who shall have regularly contributed to its Funds for the term of seven years, shall, at any time afterwards, on becoming incapacitated by age, accident, or infirmity, from exercising his or her duties as an Actor or Actress, Singer, or Dancer, be entitled to receive such Annuity for life, as the annual available income of the Funds of the Association, shall from year to year afford ; such Annuity to be, in each case, calculated and apportioned according to the Class of Subscription which the Member shall have adopted and paid.

In case of the Death of a Member before claiming an Annuity, One-half of the Money he or she shall have paid to the Fund will be returned to his or her Nominee, Widow, or Orphan, Children ; or the Funeral Expenses of such Member will be allowed, not exceeding £10.

Donors of a single Sum of £10. and upwards, or the Annual Sum of £1. are Honorary Members, and eligible to Office, but receive no benefit from the Fund.

Donations in aid of the Fund will be most thankfully received and acknowledged by the Treasurer or the Secretary.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE PRINCIPAL DONORS TO THE ASSOCIATION.

His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, K.G.	50	0	0
His Grace the Duke of Devonshire(Annual)	10	10	0
Right Hon. the Earl Fitzhardinge	5	0	0
Right Hon. the Earl of Ellesmere	5	0	0
The Hon. T. Hope	10	0	0
Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart.....	10	0	0
Charles Kean, Esq.	50	0	0
William C. Macready, Esq.....	30	0	0
Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P., F.R.S.	21	0	0
Luke J. Hansard, Esq.	25	0	0
G. B. Davidge, Esq.	20	0	0
B. Webster, Esq.	25	0	0
James Byrne, Esq.	30	0	0
John Strutt, Esq.....	10	0	0
Captain J. Lamont, R.N.	6	6	0
Captain Chappell, R.N.	5	5	0
Charles Cochrane, Esq.	5	5	0
William Farren, Esq.....(6th Donation.)	5	0	0
Sir Andrew Barnard, G.C.B.....	5	0	0
Douglas Jerrold, Esq.....	5	0	0
Edward Brewster, Esq.	5	5	0
Philip Salomons, Esq.....	5	5	0
John Forster, Esq.	5	5	0
Miss Helen Faucit(6th Donation.)	5	0	0
Mrs. Lazenby.....	5	0	0

The Second Public Dinner will take place on Monday, March 29th, 1847, at the London Tavern ; particulars of which will be duly announced ; and for which occasion the names of Stewards are very respectfully requested.

City of London Life Assurance Society,
FOR
ACCUMULATIVE ASSURANCES.
No. 2, ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS.

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ACCUMULATIVE OR DEPOSIT ASSURANCE.

This mode of Assurance may be shortly explained, by stating that upon depositing a given premium, a capital sum, equivalent to the amount so deposited, according to the age of the depositor, is guaranteed on the failure of the life, and upon each succeeding payment a further sum is in like manner guaranteed and added to the former, and thus the Assurance becomes, as its title imports, "Accumulative;" *the details of which are more fully explained in a pamphlet to be had at the Office of the Society.*

One example only will be given here, shewing that a life of 20 on payment of an Annual Premium of £100, will

At 29 be assured for £2,268 2s. 8d.	At 59 be assured for £7,365 11s. 11d.
At 39 4,238 11 1	At 69 8,583 1 5
At 49 5,925 6 5	At 79 9,639 5 2

together with the incommensurable advantage of being able to vary or altogether omit the Annual Premium, or to withdraw the whole or any portion of the amount previously paid.

GENERAL ASSURANCES.

Under this head are included the several systems of Assurance now in operation, the nature of which is so well known as to render more than the following classification unnecessary.

ORDINARY ASSURANCES, either for the whole or a definite portion of life, with or without participation in the profits of the Office.

The Premiums may be paid by **QUARTERLY** or **HALF-YEARLY** instalments, or at Annual, Biennial, Triennial, or other stipulated intervals.

HALF-PREMIUMS may remain on credit of the Policy for stipulated periods.

INCREASING OR **DECREASING** Rates of Premiums will also be received.

SURVIVORSHIPS, JOINT LIFE AND **OTHER ASSURANCES**, contingent on any specified event.

IMMEDIATE, DEFERRED, OR REVERSIONARY ANNUITIES granted to the Assured or Nominee, on the payment of one sum or of periodical premiums.

ANNUITIES OR ENDOWMENTS for the benefit of Naval and Military Officers, Clerks in Government Offices, and their Widows or Children.

FOREIGN LIVES Assured, and Annuities granted to Foreigners, under special contracts.

N.B. Ordinary Board-days every Wednesday at Two o'Clock, but Special Boards can be summoned at any time if necessary.

THE SOCIETY OF GUARDIANS

FOR THE

PROTECTION OF TRADE,

ESTABLISHED 1776.

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13, Swithin's-lane.

An Association of Merchants, Bankers, and Traders (in connection with corresponding Provincial Societies), for the Protection of its Members from the various Frauds and Deceptions hourly attempted, and the Punishment of those guilty of *Fraud* or *Robbery*; also for granting assistance in certain cases of Opposition in Bankruptcy, &c., and affording *mutual information* amongst its Subscribers. Annual Subscription, One Guinea.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION
FOR IMPROVING THE DWELLINGS OF THE
INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES,
INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

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MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON & Co. 54, Lombard Street.

Architect.

W. B. MOFFATT, Esq. (Firm of Scott & Moffatt,) 20, Spring Gardens.

Hon. Secretary.

CHARLES GATLIFF, Esq. 19, Coleman Street, London.

The object of this Association is to erect Dwellings for the Working Classes, combining in their construction the several improvements in Drainage, Ventilation, a due supply of Water, and such other advantages as can render their sanatory condition as complete as is practicable.

The evidence produced before the Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the health of Towns, disclosed a state of circumstances connected with the domestic habits and dwellings of the poorer classes in the Metropolis and other densely populated districts, fearful to contemplate, and urgently calling for a remedy.

Advertisements.

Many districts tenanted by the industrious classes do not possess a single sewer, or means of drainage of any kind. In numerous cases, whole families—parents, sons, and grown-up daughters—and in some, even two or three families, reside together, day and night, in a single room. And yet for this miserable accommodation, the most extravagant rents are paid. In the streets in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, some of the most wretched abodes are let as follows:—Two cellars for 3*s.* per week; parlours 4*s.* per week; first floor 4*s.* 6*d.*; second floor 4*s.*; the attics 3*s.* The entire rental of one street in Drury Lane occupied in this way is, £2,000 per annum. The average rental in Westminster for a single room, not 12 feet square, is 2*s.* 11½*d.*, rigorously exacted every Monday morning.

The plan of this Association having been submitted to Her Majesty's Government, they have been pleased to recommend Her Majesty to grant to it a Royal Charter of Incorporation, which has been done. The Charter is dated the 16th October, 1845.

The Capital is £100,000, in 4,000 Shares, of £25 each. Deposit £2. 10*s.* per Share.

The rate of Interest to be paid to the Shareholders is not to exceed £5. per cent. per annum.

The liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their respective Shares.

It is confidently believed that the objects of this Association may be carried into effect, so as to afford to the industrious poor, wholesome and comfortable Dwellings on reasonable terms, and to remunerate the Shareholders with an Interest of £5. per cent. per annum.

The terms of the Charter do not restrict the operations of the Association to the Metropolis, and the Directors have made arrangements that the benefits, privileges, and immunities granted by the Charter, may under this Association, be extended to Branch Associations in other Cities and Towns, when a sufficient number of Shareholders are desirous of erecting Improved Dwellings for the Industrious Classes.

Parties disposed to co-operate in this object, are requested to address their application for Shares as follows:—

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

SIR,—I request you will insert my name as a Subscriber for _____ Shares in the METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE DWELLINGS OF THE INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES, the Calls upon which I will pay when required.

Signature—

Address—

Date—

To C. GATLIFF, Esq. Hon. Sec.,
19, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON.

Advertisements.

WELL ADAPTED FOR PRESENTS.

WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF THIS VOLUME.

The size of "Master Humphrey's Clock,"

ELEGANTLY BOUND IN CLOTH,

AND GILT LETTERED,

WITH

TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

BY VARIOUS ARTISTS,

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS,

CHRONICLES OF THE CAREWORN;

OR,

WALKS AND WANDERINGS :

BY

EDWARD WEST.

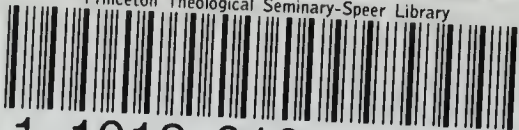
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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ASHLEY.

TO BE PROCURED OF

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